

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3740. Vol. 144.

2 July 1927

37 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] JUL 11 6d

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government, who so dramatically produced their scheme for reforming the House of Lords last week, have this week as dramatically dropped it. That, at all events, is the reading which the political prophets put upon the latest situation, though Government spokesmen still bravely assert that a Bill will be introduced next session. This is extremely unlikely. The opposition to the scheme among Conservative members has reached such formidable proportions that it is doubtful whether a Bill drawn even roughly on the comprehensive lines indicated by the Lord Chancellor last week would get through the House of Commons. Lord Birkenhead, in his letter to *The Times* of Thursday, hints that already the proposals are dead, and admits what the amendment of the Conservative group to the Labour Party's vote of censure states, namely, that no reform of the Upper House can be carried through until a general agreement has been reached. What is probable in the circumstances is a measure to substitute for the Speaker a Committee of both

Houses to decide what constitutes a money Bill, and perhaps to add some further safeguards to the existing machinery of delay. The Government cannot be congratulated on the way this affair has been stage-managed.

The result of the Brixton by-election can have brought little encouragement to either of the Opposition parties. The "rising tide of Liberalism" has evidently not risen very far in Brixton, while Labour has actually lost ground. True, the Conservative majority has been halved, but the poll was a small one, and a Government, with a huge majority, that has been in power for three years expects to lose some ground. There is little evidence as yet that the country disapproves of its rulers or desires a change, and none at all of the stupendous revulsion of feeling which was prophesied by Labour as a result of the Trade Union Bill. The Liberals will no doubt be disappointed if the Government drop their House of Lords reform proposals, for they stood to gain seats in the resulting controversy. But the proposals were launched right into the vortex of the Brixton election and seem to have had singularly

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little effect on the electorate. By-elections are seldom the barometers of political feeling that the politicians represent them to be.

It is very far from surprising that a resolution dealing with agriculture should have been brought forward at the half-yearly meeting of the Central Council of the Conservative Associations. There is, and for some time has been, among farmers a feeling of disappointment with the Government's agricultural policy. It is true that the Government are not altogether to blame regarding the arrangement of long-term credits: they had very nearly concluded an agreement with the Banks when the coal stoppage put the scheme outside the pale of things immediately feasible. Since then, in the course of an otherwise useful inquiry by a daily paper, the farmers have so decried their credit as to add to the difficulties of the scheme. But, when all allowances have been made, some blame rests on the Government. The resolution having been passed by the Conservative gathering, action may be expected; but we confess we are not hopeful. For some reason or other, the Government are not adequately responsive to the claims of agriculture. Meanwhile, the Liberals are active, and the comparison is being noted in the agricultural constituencies.

The three Powers represented at the Naval Conference in Geneva have not come to a deadlock; delays are inevitable in a conference for which there had been no previous comparing of plans. More serious than a few days' delay, however, is the fundamental difference of outlook between Great Britain and the United States. Because the 5.5.3 ratio was agreed upon as suitable for capital ships there is no earthly reason for maintaining that it should also be extended to smaller vessels used for entirely different purposes. The British contention that each country should declare what forces it requires and why is a sound one, and there is something very like a threat of blackmail in Washington's claim that unless the United States is placed on a basis of absolute parity with Great Britain, she will set out to build a navy with which other Powers, impoverished by war, could not possibly hope to compete. Naval limitation can only take place on the basis of a nation's security; wealth should not be the criterion.

Owing to the new and thoroughly bad system of secrecy adopted by the Foreign Ministers at the last Council session in Geneva, it is impossible to tell exactly what efforts Sir Austen Chamberlain made to secure French and German support for his Russian policy. Obviously the question of Russia is not one which can be discussed in public, but the attempt to deny that it was discussed at all, even in private, has merely given rise to the most fantastic rumours. It is now widely believed on the Continent that within a very few weeks a new, so-called democratic, Russian Government will be set up, probably in Paris, and that it will receive material support from Great Britain in its efforts to overthrow the Soviet regime. Although Mr. Winston Churchill, the hero of other anti-Russian adventures, is now

in the Cabinet, this rumour is so absurd that it will only be believed if it is spread in an atmosphere of secrecy. There is nothing secret about our intentions in regard to Russia, and certainly the British public would have nothing to do with any hare-brained schemes recalling the efforts of Kolchak, Yudenitch, Wrangel and Denikin.

The dismissal of Trotsky and Zinovieff from the Central Committee of the Communist Party shows that the Stalin group has so far succeeded in weathering the storm brought about by the expulsion of the Soviet agents from Great Britain. The real test of Stalin's strength, however, will come after next month, when no more credits will be obtainable from Germany, and the Russian Government will have to increase its revenue from taxation by something like fifty per cent. Obviously the peasant will refuse to agree to any great increase in taxation, and important changes may take place in Moscow within the next six months. Although other European countries are reluctant to follow the British example, they hesitate to improve their relations with a Government whose prospects are so bad. Indeed, the one thing which would enable Soviet leaders to feel confident of the future would be an attempt to bring pressure from abroad in the manner outlined above.

It has been unkindly suggested that M. Briand's illness is a diplomatic one and that his health improved almost miraculously in the train which brought him back from the chilly political atmosphere of Geneva to the more equable climate of Paris. A diplomatic illness at a moment when Herr Stresemann was demanding the redemption of promises that were given at Locarno would be quite understandable, but the fact is that the French Foreign Minister is suffering from the results of overwork, and although he hopes to come up from the country two or three times a week to deal with the more important foreign despatches received by the Quai d'Orsay, it is feared that he may shortly have to resign office. Were he in good health, he could hardly have read M. Poincaré's Lunéville speech without protest, for in France, as in Germany, this speech is looked upon as the last nail in the Locarno coffin. Not since the French were in occupation of the Ruhr has M. Poincaré made such an unfortunate and uncompromising declaration on foreign affairs.

M. Poincaré's refusal to stabilize the franc is now standing him in good stead, for the Opposition is so frightened of incurring the blame for a new financial collapse that its protests against this defiance of M. Briand have been ridiculously mild. Even across the Rhine the Lunéville speech has caused little distress because it gave Herr Stresemann so excellent an opportunity to make an effective reply. He was able to point out, for example, that the German warship *Elsass*, the existence of which M. Poincaré considered to be a proof of Germany's determination to recapture Alsace and Lorraine, was built as far back as 1903. The French Prime Minister gave him so many other openings that the Lunéville speech

may be said to have strengthened the German Foreign Minister's position. What it has not done, however, is to improve the prospects of decent relations between the European Great Powers.

Of the very many comments we should like to make on the highly controversial clauses of the Finance Bill we postpone all but one. The inquisitorial methods contemplated under the Bill will have a deterrent effect on the raising of capital for certain only secondarily commercial purposes, funds for which are usually secured largely on political, social, and other not purely economic grounds. The prospect of the kind of inquiry threatened would assuredly influence men who, though willing for non-economic reasons to assist in financing such concerns, are not urged on by hope of early or extensive gain. But Clauses 29 and 31 bristle with difficulties, to which we will devote attention hereafter. Not a few Conservative members are in revolt against those clauses.

The definition of man as a rational animal is, perhaps fortunately, very premature. Stimulated by the "stunt" Press, the greater part of this nation has gone mad for a night and a morning over the eclipse. It has travelled in hordes to places from which, according to optimists and hotel proprietors, the phenomenon could be perfectly observed. Young men and maidens have stayed up all night dancing, in remote spots, in order to attain the frame of mind in which totality can be appreciated. A northern farmer has been discovered who is afraid to look at the eclipsed sun, and a clergyman has been quoted as discovering moral significance in the temporary obscuration of an anyhow not often visible luminary. Various enthusiasts have applauded the irresponsible sun, though whether for getting eclipsed or on re-emergence we are not told. A daily paper has published a diagram, extremely like Mr. Wyndham Lewis's record of the way of Miss Dell's eagle, showing how its aeroplane got wherever it did. Well, it is all over. The tumult and the shouting has died down; the captions and the drawings are no more. There remains a little more scientific knowledge, the nature of which has never been explained by the papers which have "featured" the eclipse.

The Office of Works has no power to purchase the fifty acres of land at Stonehenge which are threatened with "development." As things stand, we are to expect that the wonderful megalithic relic will be made the centre of a cluster of ugly little bungalows and shops advertising that they vend teas and "minerals." But if the Office of Works cannot move, surely the public can. It will be a national disgrace if Stonehenge is not saved from the impending dishonour. In regard to all the unspoiled places in this country we are now in a period requiring energetic action. With the traffic facilities of to-day and the mania for erecting petty and incongruous dwellings in the heart of the countryside, there is no area, whatever its beauty or historical interest, which is safe.

In respect of urban amenities the Government are setting a good example: the appointment of a Commission on London squares is most welcome.

The Duke and Duchess of York have returned after a tour during which they have rendered great service to the Empire, and the nation has shown itself warmly appreciative of that service. Despite very unpleasant weather conditions there was an immense and highly enthusiastic crowd to greet the Duke and Duchess. Yet it was not merely of the imperial aspect of their return that the crowd was thinking. All observers seem agreed that the comments of the spectators revealed a very lively interest in the reunion of the Duchess and her infant daughter. That a young mother should have been willing to separate herself for so long from her child, in the interests of public duty, is the kind of thing that touches others besides sentimentalists. It was but one more piece of evidence that personal inclinations are readily subdued to national and imperial requirements by members of the King's family, but it moved the public genuinely.

The popularity of lawn tennis goes on increasing. This year the crowds at Wimbledon have been pressed down and running over, and thousands have been disappointed. The game has become a public spectacle comparable to that of football. This being so, it is inevitable that the movement towards "professionalism" in lawn tennis will gather momentum, and that not many years hence we shall have both an open and an amateur championship. The existing lawn tennis authorities would be well advised not to kick against the pricks.

The answers to the General Knowledge paper we set in last week's issue are as follows: (1) Virginia, N. Carolina, S. Carolina, Georgia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Delaware, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Maryland. (2) Michael Angelo; David. (3) America. (4) George Canning. (5) Cricket term: "over" off which no run is scored; Polo term: a period of play; Cricket term: the batsman's crease, behind which the batsman must have his bat or some part of his person grounded if he is not to be run out or stumped; Tennis term: an opening in the end wall, at the service end, under the pent-house, in which spectators sit, protected by a net; Lawn Tennis term: the player who, in serving, has not both his feet behind the base line at the moment of striking the ball is said to have made a foot-fault, and his service counts as a "fault." (6) George II, at Dettingen. (7) Substances with different atomic weights but identical chemical properties. (8) "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pies." [This is disputed, another version being: "My country, how I leave my country!"] (9) Samuel Butler's 'Erewhon.' (10) Standing on his head and waving his legs in the air (see Herodotus). (11) Wagner. (12) The Foreign Offices of (i) the German Empire. (ii) the former Austrian Empire. (iii) France.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COUNTRY

THERE is no evidence that the Government are unpopular in the country. In the thirty-two by-elections that have taken place since they came into power, they have lost six seats and gained one. Very few Governments in their third year could show so good a record, and it is the more remarkable because the verdict at the last general election was obviously an exaggeration of the real mind of the country, and a reaction therefore might be expected to set in very soon. But such loss of seats, or of votes, to the Government, as the by-elections have shown is no more than the correction of unnecessary redundancy in the Government's mandate from the country; the mandate itself remains unchanged. Nor would a Liberal revival, of which there are faint signs, necessarily be antagonistic to the well-being of the Conservative Party. Sanguine Liberals are talking about sweeping Devonshire and Cornwall in the next election, of gaining seats in East Anglia and Scotland, and perhaps a few in the industrial north of England. Some of these gains would be at the expense of Labour, but even if there were a net loss of fifty Conservative seats to one or other of the two opposition parties, the result would be to make the Conservative Party stronger than it is now. For the only malady from which the Party is suffering is that its majority is too large.

It is with parties as with individuals. A sudden increase in weight, such as happened to the Conservative Party at the last general election, means inevitably that a greater strain is thrown on the heart; a party, like a man, is actually stronger when, by reducing weight, it can improve its circulatory system and harden its muscles. For (to drop metaphor) a majority that is excessive always means loss of central control and encourages the divided counsels in which no party that is in danger of defeat can safely indulge. It may be a hard doctrine for Conservative members with unsafe seats, but in a three-party system a majority of eighty over the other two is as large as is good, either for the Party or for the country.

We have had two examples, recently, of the evils of the departmentalism and the sectional spirit which are promoted by an excessive majority. The first was the raid on Arcos and the subsequent rupture of our diplomatic relations with Russia. The rupture may have been inevitable sooner or later, but it was not inevitable that we should stumble into an important diplomatic act as the result of an unsuccessful police raid which revealed nothing that was not already known. A still more striking example is the breakdown of the Government's House of Lords proposals. What has happened is clear enough. The Government had no cut-and-dried scheme, but only certain ideas on which a motion in the House of Lords gave it a good opportunity of testing the opinion of the Peers and of the Party. Unfortunately, Lord Cave, whose politics are not equal to his law, announced as a conclusion what was only meant as a text, and Lord Birkenhead, next day, made it worse by committing the Government to carrying the conclusion into law within the lifetime of this Parliament. No one was more sur-

prised than the Prime Minister to find tentative proposals, of which certain members of the Cabinet were highly critical, put forward as the settled policy of the Government. And, as it happens, the doubts of some Cabinet Ministers in regard to these proposals were amply justified by their reception by the Party as a whole. They had a favourable reception in the Lords, but more than a hundred Conservative members in the Commons not only dislike them, they are actually prepared to vote against them. The proposals as they stand obviously cannot go through; they will have to be withdrawn; and the Government's reputation will suffer, as would that of any Government whose immature plans are published as though they were a final and considered decision.

There is a case to be made out even for the proposals as they stand, and, with some important reserves, we stated it last week. But in politics one has to consider more than the intrinsic merits of an idea, and many Conservatives have taken fright at the thought of having to defend these proposals before an electorate which still remembers the crisis of 1910. Their fears may be exaggerated, for there is no real prejudice in the country against the hereditary principle, unless it has come into conflict (as it did in 1910) with popular rights; and there is no such conflict now. But it is one thing to leave untouched the hereditary principle in an existing, unreformed institution; it is another thing to start reforming and leave unchanged the one characteristic which it is impossible to defend before a popular audience. The alternatives are in sharp antithesis. You may take the line that the House of Lords is well enough as it is and needs no reform; but if you admit the need of reform, it must, in these days, be genuinely democratic and above all suspicion of being conceived in the interests of one political party. It is this difficult alternative that has held up the problem for so long; many have come to accept the House of Lords with all its imperfections, because it seemed impossible to obtain general agreement on its reformed substitute. If the Conservative Party had had a majority of only fifty or sixty, no one in office would have said a word until a definite policy had been decided upon; only when a majority is so large as to seem invulnerable do members of the Cabinet begin to think aloud. The Conservative Government do too much thinking aloud.

The success of the Conservative revolt against the proposals about the House of Lords is likely to provoke other revolts, but it is wrong to speak, as so many are doing, as though the Government had given up the idea of constitutional reform. There are two blemishes, as was pointed out here last week, in the scheme that was outlined. One is that it sought to modify the defects of the hereditary principle by a system of nomination by the Government of the day. That is unfair to the non-Conservative parties or it may also be unfair to the people whose reason for wanting a Second Chamber is that it should serve as a check on the abuse of a temporary majority. The other blemish is that it does limit the prerogative of the Crown to create new peers, inasmuch as under the suggested reform the King could not make peers to vote directly on the subject at issue, but only to elect representative peers to vote as they

would wish. It would, we calculated last week, take eight years before a Government, however strong, could change the Parliament Act or modify the constitution of the House of Lords against its own will, and if the system of electing representative peers were to be by P.R., the number of new peers that would have to be created to overcome a two-thirds majority in the Lords would be of almost astronomical magnitude.

But in spite of the objections, the case for distinguishing legislation that makes great constitutional changes from ordinary legislation still holds, and it would hold whether the House of Lords were reformed or not. What we want is not indefinite delay, but some provision which would ensure that such changes in the constitution are not made without a new popular mandate. Those who believe in the referendum would no doubt prohibit constitutional changes except after a referendum that yielded a two-thirds majority; but if the referendum cannot be naturalized here it might be sufficient to prohibit them until, after the two years' delay already allowed, a general election had returned the same Government to power. If the Government content themselves with improving the machinery for deciding what is a money Bill, and add the guarantee of a fresh general election to the existing guarantees of a two years' delay, much of the Conservative opposition would die down. And that, in all probability, is what the Government will do. The reform in the composition of the House of Lords might then be tackled at leisure after the pulse of the party and the temperature of the country had been taken. Our own conviction is that the country is more open-minded than the Opposition, or a very powerful Conservative minority, thinks.

THE BIG PARADE

WE had hoped that the wave of self-depreciation which some time ago reached its high-water mark as a silly season topic in the Press and expressed itself in talk about England being "done" had gone the way of all rubbish; apparently we were wrong. That talk and the ceaseless propaganda of other nations less given than ourselves to modesty have evidently had their effect, and there is frequently noticeable in the utterances of members of the public an implication that now-a-days England and the English are good for nothing. Last week, when Miss Betty Nuthall won a creditable victory over Mrs. Mallory, the American, at Wimbledon, a writer in one of the daily papers delivered himself of the following ecstatic pæan: "Miss Betty Nuthall's victory over Mrs. Mallory is, to my mind, one of those occasions on which we should fling up our hats and yell our loudest. She is young. *She is English.*" The hysterical tone of this pronouncement, the invitation to yell, the italics and the rest are indicative of more than a lack of control; they are indicative of a lack of confidence. We may no longer take an English victory in the traditional English way: if an Englishwoman chances to win a sporting contest to-day it is suggested that the event is so

extraordinary and startling that it merits our behaving like lunatics.

Or take another instance. When a woman aviator was asked the other day by a Press representative her opinion of the project of the Englishman, Captain Courtney, to fly to New York and back this month, she replied: "Isn't it a splendid thing to think that we still have people in England ready to embark on such a hazardous adventure?" That is not a splendid thing to think: it is a disgraceful and shameful thing to think. Why should anyone suppose that we have not such men in England in their thousands? "Still"? What has happened to make anyone imagine there are any fewer than before?

What are the reasons for this strange atmosphere of unsureness, this ridiculous supposition that the English are decadent and done for? We have had examples in the manner in which New York greeted Colonel Lindbergh, and in other recent manifestations of the kind, of the new method of marking a national success. We in England—possibly out of arrogance, but no matter—have always been accustomed to take our successes soberly; perhaps to take them for granted. When, therefore, a superficial public sees the successes of other nations, particularly of America, being celebrated with every suggestion of dementia, and when it has them ceaselessly drummed into its ears by every device of publicity and propaganda, it unconsciously comes to regard them as being greater and more numerous than they are. Our ineradicable modesty keeps us silent about our own achievements, and the din of self-adulation indulged in by those with a greater gift for showmanship is beginning to have its effect on our self-esteem. As a nation we go in some danger of suffering from what the psychologists call an "inferiority complex." From that point of view the writer who adjured us to fling up our hats and yell because an Englishwoman had played a good game of tennis was right: if the American method of registering a success is to prevail, the sooner we adopt it in England the sooner we shall throw off the sense of inferiority. As for the fact that Englishmen do not win everywhere at sport now-a-days, that is not in the least remarkable. England taught the world to play games, and now that the world has learnt it is mighty proud of its prowess. The Englishman used to walk off with all the prizes because he was in the position of an instructor competing with his pupils. Now that the process of instruction has been completed and proficiency is shared by all, is it probable (or even desirable) that he should still maintain a superiority?

Slowly and surely the propaganda is having its effect. We are coming to believe the American legend in spite of ourselves. We are getting an American mania. In an article elsewhere in this issue a contributor examines the fallacy that in the emulation of American methods can be found the solution of our industrial problems. We have apparently even begun to think that. Recently Lord Haig, in a speech which was not tactful but was certainly true, reminded the country of what it seems to have forgotten, and that is the stupendous part it played in winning the war. Our own trumpets are mute, and the

world, which is deceived by the sound and fury of the Big Parade, is gradually coming to believe that the war was won on the other side of the Atlantic. That is good neither for our self-respect nor for the respect in which the world holds us.

The extraordinary thing about this process of deliberate national propaganda is the complacency with which the English allow it without protest or counter-demonstration. The virtue of modesty can be carried to the point where it becomes a vice. To keep a contemptuous silence may be a sign of strength, so long as the silence is really contemptuous. But if, as seems probable, the silence is becoming one of unwarranted humility, then it is a positive danger to our national morale.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE Trade Disputes Bill is done with. The complete collapse of the much advertised, carefully prepared, loudly announced opposition to this measure has been as nearly sensational as it is possible for a collapse to be. Like the too conscientious captain of a sinking ship who feels it incumbent on himself to go down with his charge, Mr. Maxton endeavoured to raise a spark of interest on the third reading by the use of unpardonable language, which secured only his own dismissal from the Chamber. Members watched him walk out in sorrowful silence, feeling that they were assisting at a scene of self-immolation, or at a celebration of the rite of suttee.

It was earlier in the week that an optimistic Conservative member remarked that when once the Trade Disputes Bill had been completed there would be nothing more to worry about until the autumn session. He was reckoning without his Government, who were silently preparing to astonish him and his colleagues with their proposed legislation on the subject of the House of Lords. Last week was a week of thunderbolts; this week has been one of whispers and of lobbying, of rumours, amendments and intrigues. These underground activities can be followed, like the movements of the mole, only by the earth which is thrown up on the surface.

The first outward evidence of the developments that were taking place was afforded by a discussion which arose at the meeting of the 1922 Committee on Monday afternoon. Statements have appeared elsewhere referring to the "1922 group" which imply that the Committee in question represents a certain orientation of political thought. This is misleading. There is no 1922 group. Membership of this Committee is open to all Conservatives who have been elected to the House of Commons since 1922, and the discussions that take place in it provide a by no means unimportant indication of the views prevailing among the rank and file of the party. Proceedings are confidential, and no communications are made to the Press, but upon this Monday afternoon it was widely rumoured that the Committee were very evenly divided between approval and disapproval of the Government's proposals for reforming the House of Lords.

In the lobbies that evening those Members who least approve of these proposals were discussing the desirability of voicing their views at the meeting of the National Council at the Hotel Cecil on the

following morning. Anxiety to maintain in public the appearance of unity was met by the argument that Conservatives frequently condemn the moderate men among their opponents and within the Trade Unions for allowing the extremists to get hold of the machine, and for lacking the courage to stand up for their convictions. It was known that Sir John Marriott was to move a resolution welcoming the Government proposals, and in some haste an amendment was drafted which suggested, in terms sufficiently vague, that no action should be taken in the matter until further efforts had been made to ascertain the views of the party. In many quarters resentment is felt, less against the proposals themselves than against the manner in which they were suddenly and without warning produced by the Government.

The scene changes to the Hotel Cecil, where, on Tuesday morning, were gathered together Conservative delegates from every constituency in the country. It must be borne in mind that gatherings of this nature, although nominally representative of the whole party, actually represent only the right wing, since those Tories who are neither stern nor unbending, but who contemplate political problems with a fairly open mind, are not usually of the type who serve very assiduously on their local Associations, or who travel to London for the purpose of attending the National Council.

Sir John Marriott moved the resolution in his best manner. It was greeted with approval but without enthusiasm. It was seconded and supported. Rumours that an important amendment was forthcoming were already rife, and the meeting expected to see one of those inexperienced and insubordinate young Tories, who are reputed to be little better than Socialists, come forward with this insolent challenge to the pundits of the Party and the powers that be. They were therefore surprised when the amendment was moved by Sir Arthur Shirley Benn—a white-haired ex-Chairman of the National Union—and seconded by Colonel Spender-Clay, the member for Tunbridge Wells, who has never been suspected of revolutionary tendencies. Their views were supported by other Members of Parliament, until there seemed a real danger of the mind of the meeting becoming contaminated despite a somewhat half-hearted support for the Government proposals from Lord Selborne, who is the fairy godmother of all such schemes. Mr. Amery, therefore, not having intended to speak, felt it his duty to do so. He characterized such criticism as he had heard as purely destructive, forgetting that if a proposal is a very bad proposal the more destructive the criticism the better. Forgetting, also, the more definite commitments of Lord Birkenhead in the House of Lords, he gave the impression that the proposals put forward were only a kite.

Meanwhile the Labour Party have put down a vote of censure on the Government, which will be discussed next week. Those Conservative members who view Lord Cave's proposals with misgiving have tabled an amendment in carefully-worded language, which it is hoped that the Government may be able to accept. The Cabinet are said to be considering their attitude, which has been prejudiced by the less guarded utterances of some of their members, and the lesson of the whole affair would seem to be that while it is easy to obtain unanimous support for the reform of the House of Lords it is almost impossible to get two people to agree as to the lines upon which such reform should proceed.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICA

BY ALEXANDER RAMSAY

TWO earnest young men recently left the 'Varsity and set out, as in days of old, to investigate things for themselves. They discovered Industrial America, and told us all about it. An enterprising journal felt that such epoch-making news should not go unrecorded—that such new knowledge should not remain hidden. It accordingly sent a deputation to confirm the story of the pioneers—and it was so. The tale was told and filled much space. And then, that the whole world might know in what direction Britain looks for succour, His Britannic Majesty's Government sent still another commission to sit before the new fount of wisdom, and lay upon the new philosophy, to bless it, the heavy hand of authority.

It would appear that the United States is enormously wealthy. All the impecunious people and peoples of the world are gravitating to New York, as the moth to the candle. Time alone can show whether the result will be the same. But at the moment American investments abroad extend to more than two thousand million pounds sterling, and the amount is increasing steadily. This implies naturally a large annual return in the shape of interest. It impels a great volume of export trade, because credit frequently takes the form of commodities and not cash. It means that American political influence throughout the globe is extending rapidly. It means that a great many people throughout the world are working solely for America's profit. It would be foolish to deny that much of this wealth is due to the native energy and ability of the people, and to the natural resources of the country. But it is also true that during and after the war, when the coffers of Europe were being drained, the coffers of America were becoming filled. War in this case was the formula which transmuted sterling into dollars. The industries of Britain are even now contributing to the industries of America some thirty-three million pounds per annum, which we call redemption of war loans. And this liability is not being liquidated by goods, in the manufacture of which we could find our people employment. It is being discharged in gold, which can only be earned when Britain finds a difficult market for her wares in some part or other of a war-stricken and politically troubled world.

America is to be congratulated on her wealth. She has little taxation and no national debt. But is England to be praised for her prescience? Last year we imported from the United States goods to the value of £247,000,000. The Fordney Tariff ensured that she imported from us only £52,000,000. A good deal even of the latter was raw rubber, and the willingness with which America paid the price that adventitious circumstances enabled us to charge is one of those pleasant recollections that promotes the comity of nations.

It has been made clear to us that in the United States the production of certain commodities is conducted on a tremendous scale. One of the results of bulk production is low cost, and this is a goal to which it is essential Britain should strive. Before, however, we conclude that bulk production would dispel our difficulties, let it be remembered that America is a new country and has been raising and importing a population at an unprecedented rate. Consumption has been racing production, and even now the latter cannot win. It is a self-contained country, and can produce with every element of security.

It is a matter for commiseration that British conditions are not the same. There is reason to fear that before Britain attempts to plunge into an orgy of high production, she must take some steps to satisfy many other conditions governing cost, and to procure a market for her goods. If we had the cosmopolitan industrial population of the States, without cohesion,

race or tradition, we might have fewer differences of opinion. If we had the American market or its equivalent safeguarded and at our disposal, the problem of bulk production in Great Britain would solve itself amazingly, and confound the critics. It may be that such a market is to be found, but not for us in the United States.

We are told that the relations between the American employer and workman are excellent. It matters not that the one runs a steam yacht and the other a flivver. They are friends. They address each other by their Christian names. But it is also true that when a man enters a factory he is given a time to do a job, and if he does not conform to that time, he has to get out. It is equally true that often he has to pass a medical examination before he can even get in. There is no evidence that the Americans know anything about industrial insurance, pensions, relief grants and such other personal benefits as occupy so dominating a place in the social life of Britain. The shop steward is an unknown genus. Craft distinctions, production limits, and such other supports to the dignity of labour, are unheard of. A body of American employers, presented with a document from a trades union congress, solemnly and at great length examining the problem of whether a pipe should be fitted by a plumber or a domestic engineer, and finally concluding that each should have a turn, would be reduced to shrieks of laughter. American relations may be good, but they are on the basis of the employer running the business. There is no effective trades unionism, and the Government of the country does not spend many millions a year in seeking to wrap up industrial processes in cotton wool. Do those representatives of the workers who deprecate industrial relations in Britain wish to reproduce the American? I think not.

What is it all about, this British cult of America? The truth is that there is nothing in the American situation with which the industrialists of Britain are not fully acquainted. There is no manufacturing house of standing which has not, time and again, sent representatives to the States, as to other countries, to find out how similar manufacturing processes are carried out. It is sheer presumption that outsiders should now pretend to teach employers the alphabet of their business. Moreover, there is a savage irony in the situation that a Government Department not long come into being, which is spending many million pounds a year, and which has no real counterpart in America, should send a deputation to discover why, among other things, America has more money than we have.

The salvation of Britain is in her own hands, and we shall never reach a state of grace till we admit it. There are two things to be done. First, to produce at a cost that will command a market, and secondly, to exercise every possible agency in developing the market. It is a grave and sinister reflection on our national intelligence that in past years we should have had so much disturbance over the distribution of an income which has been steadily diminishing, and not the least sign of a common concern as to how this income could be augmented. The Trades Union Congress and the Political Labour Party are institutions which have no American parallel. They are peculiarly British, and, if we must have a comparison with American institutions, it is their responsibility to see that they do not represent a British handicap.

British industry must be freed from the shackles which have bound it to inefficiency. We ought to pay our workpeople as much as we possibly can, and they in turn ought to work freely on a basis that gives a definite output for a definite wage expenditure. A demand for high wages presented with an air of grievance and accompanied by a tacit refusal to accept any responsibility for production, is at least hypocrisy, and might easily be characterized in much stronger terms. The question of markets is one which time may solve,

but we ourselves could prove a helpful ally. If the Chinese would stop fighting and blow their noses into Lancashire cotton, we should have better trade. If the politics of the Middle East would cease to revolve and their people begin to produce, we should sell more goods. If Dutch shipbuilders would refrain from selling at a loss, or others would build their economic system on the ground instead of upon a structure of inflation, we could sell more ships and engines. In other words, if the world were stable, peaceful and prosperous, we should be in a stronger industrial position. But can we wait?

Why do we not bring more fully into our calculation the possibilities and resources of the British Empire? We have in the Empire every single circumstance which has combined to put America in its present position of supremacy. The trouble is we do not use them. We maintain a million men in idleness, when some of the fairest lands of the earth are crying out for the hand of man, that they may yield a harvest to the people. We are prostituting our youth by idleness, and when someone speaks of the possibilities of Empire, he is labelled "Jingo" by the time-serving, place-seeking leaders of the mob. We spend in one country economically opposed to us £250,000,000 in a year, and we starve, in money as in men, the wide Dominions which are allied to us by every tie of blood, tradition and interest. We assume as a national responsibility the rehabilitation of Germany, and we are content that Australia should go to New York to borrow money. We send a Governor-General to Canada, and we sit still while America buys her industries.

M. DAUDET'S ESCAPE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

Paris, June 28

THE *Action Française* movement was Parisian in its inception and has largely remained Parisian in its development. Parisian it is also in its ways, tone and humour. Léon Daudet, forty-five years ago, was described by Drumont as a typical *gamin*, and he is still that. His wit, his apparently furious abuse of his opponents, his mimicry of the most august personages and their tricks, his quick resentment of disregard and unexpected gratitude for sympathy, his emotional nature covered by a thin veneer of cynicism are all Parisian characteristics.

His followers dote on him and would naturally copy him even if his attitude and voice were not so like their own. But they are. The whole neo-Royalist movement has been and remains a huge practical joke on the Republic. Its adherents constantly speak of strangling Marianne to death, *étrangler la gueuse*, but Marianne only means Republicans, who, being French, need only forget their democratic propensities for a few moments to appear congenial fellows, knowing the same songs and appreciating the same wines. This accounts for a smile which even Radicals suppress with difficulty when they speak of the Royalist danger and pretend to be terrified by it quite as much as by Communism. Daudet, during his short four years in the Chamber, was a universal favourite, so both the attack and the counter-attack in his case are never entirely serious. Visibly, the French Government was in no hurry to arrest him a fortnight ago, to please a taxi-driver whose evidence in the investigation concerning the death of Daudet's son was too wavering not to be doubtful. On the other hand, Daudet, after entrenching himself at the office of his newspaper, and mobilizing one thousand of his young friends to retain his liberty, was obviously delighted

when the Police Prefect, advancing alone and unarmed to the gates of the fortress, appealed in Southern language to the other Southerner's chivalry. In an hour Daudet was at the Santé Penitentiary, accompanied by his wife, and, by dinner-time, he was already on the best of terms with his gaolers. The effect had been produced, the Government had been challenged, and its response had meant tremendous publicity for the *Action Française*.

Daudet's kinema escape, which filled Paris with amusement and lent unexpected electricity to the morose evening of last Saturday, was in keeping with the whole affair. Some editors appeared ludicrous by trying to speak of it seriously. On the other hand, everybody blames M. Barthou for quashing the director of the Penitentiary. What did M. Catry do that was not at one with the whole background of the affair? He should never have acted on a mere telephone message, M. Barthou says. But what did the telephone message say? It said: "Please release Daudet, Delest and the Communist Semard under the same procedure under which the hunger-striker Girardin was set free last week." What had been done once could certainly be repeated. And how could an honest Penitentiary director, who at all events was on deck, if he was at lunch, imagine that the offices of his chief, the Minister of Interior, could be so completely deserted that one solitary *Camelot du Roy* was free to hold possession for nearly an hour? Daudet was interrupted in his lunch by the Director, hugged, congratulated and packed off at one o'clock, and it was not till three that M. Catry, anxious to report how careful, but at the same time how diligent he had been, could communicate with anybody in charge. "You should have remembered," M. Barthou insists, "that fifteen years ago M. de Baleine, a *Camelot*, who had pulled the President's beard in no homeric spirit at the Quatorze Juillet review and was sentenced for that offence to a term at Clairvaux, was released through an exactly similar stratagem." "That," M. Catry might reply, "shows that the methods of our administration have not changed in fifteen years."

The whole affair is a revelation of the way the French nation takes laws, lawgivers, ministers and regulations. I have confessed many times that I, personally, in spite of frequent visits to Anglo-Saxon countries where I have acquired a superficial respect for *Verboten*s of all kinds, never can see a *Défense de Passer* without investigating at once why this prohibition should be posted up, which can only be done by trespassing. French *Verboten*s are in the spirit of the command "*Faccia feroce!*"—"Look ferocious!"—in the old Neapolitan army. They mean: this is a free country in which, after all, nothing very bad ever happens; this notice is in the nature of a symbol hinting that, if you do have to trespass, you must do so with politeness, and no exaggeration. That is the way things work in this country. Anglo-Saxons say it is not serious. Quite so. But are you sure you care so much for seriousness? Have I not noticed that the moment the franc showed any symptoms of recovering seriousness you kept away from Paris? Do I not hear you mournfully declare, on your way back from Italy, that Mussolini is a wonderful, a unique person, but Italy was pleasanter when the trains did not run to schedule and Naples smelled like itself? And when I was a young man did not the British—there were no American—travellers of those days look back rather sadly to the Rome of Pio Nono where you could do what you pleased and, in consequence, did not feel like doing anything very bad? We pray for order, strength, stability and all the other virtues of well-managed commonwealths, but when we enjoy them we shake our heads and repeat, with Lamartine in 1860, *La France s'ennuie*.

I am ready to bet a gold franc that before six weeks are over M. Catry will be reinstated in his office or in a better one of his own choosing.

THE LATE ECLIPSE

BY GERALD GOULD

IT was the most exciting eclipse I have ever slept through. Indeed, I am as good a sleeper as anybody: it is the hours between waking and going to sleep again that overtax my capacities.

I had never quite believed in the existence of Giggleswick, and I am not sure I believe in it now; but there were scores of thousands of people there on Wednesday morning, and I hope that they at least did not oversleep themselves. I lack curiosity; but Heaven knows I do not make a virtue of the deficiency. Curiosity is the mother of invention, the sister of imagination, the cause of deeds. Curiosity took people to Giggleswick, as it used to take people to the Spanish Main; curiosity gave us gravity, evolution, relativity and spooks—alcohol and prohibition, vivisection and anti-vivisection, auction and contract bridge, tennis and lawn-tennis, atheism and theology; and the one hope of man is to go on being curiouser and curiouser. If once the rest of the human race became like me, it would be the beginning of the end.

For not merely do I not know—I do not want to know. An eclipse, to me, is something in which you build fatal and perfidious barks: it is married, also in my mind, with earthquakes. To all that slow and grand procession of the seasons and the stars, which, moving from eternity to eternity, effects a mathematical and celestial counterpoint and imposes at intervals a cone of darkness upon this frivolous or that dangerous planet—to comets, and to meteors, and the silvery problem of why the tides are subject to the moon—I turn an eye congenitally and idiotically blind. If this were a mere personal defect, it would be of no interest to anybody but myself, and to me a matter only of remorse. But I think there are others like me. I think there are many others like me. I believe this slackness and dullness of inquiry among people reputed to be educated is an ominous social fact, fostered by prejudice, and of graver menace than a thousand total eclipses of the sun.

(By the way—and on this point I really must be allowed to digress—do the newspapers, and the visitors to Giggleswick, take the old view that wars and the fall of empires ensue eclipses? I hope not. Life is full enough of apprehension without that; and I offer a comforting explanation of why a nice derangement of epicycles used in old days to herald ill. "You will cry before night," says the nurse to her charges, knowing full well she has the power to see that the prophecy shall come true: and in old civilizations, where priesthood overlapped with politics, and vaticination with authority, it may occasionally have been arranged for the sad auguries of astronomical variation to fulfil themselves. I throw out this suggestion, and return—.)

I wonder whether there is not something in our academic education, lovely and pleasant though it be in our lives, to dull the questing spirit. It is perfect, of course, for those who are in any case going to be scholars: they have their areas and achievements: they become procurers of shards, or pontiffs of a particle. But the weak

brain that can hold so much and no more—does it not, by concentrating on a narrow proficiency during the years when it is most easily fatigued, forfeit something of its agility? Yet no, no: it is cowardly to put upon a system—a system, above all, to which one owes whatever knowledge or appreciation one may possess, to which indeed one owes a debt past paying or imagining—it is cowardly, I say, as well as ungrateful, to put upon that system what may well be the result merely of individual inefficiency. But I repeat that I am not unique, I do not come even as near uniqueness as does a total eclipse of the sun: there is a malady of so-called intellectuals, and I will attempt to illustrate what it is.

I have a friend whose humility towards the knowledge which he supposes me to possess is a perpetual and tender rebuke. We meet on common ground, in a public-house, but even about beer he knows much more than I. Because I have a smattering of authors with whom he is unacquainted—and with many of whom, I am sure, one might well enough spare acquaintance—he speaks of me and my kind as "You brainy fellows"; and, because he left school at fourteen to become an office-boy, he thinks of himself as uneducated.

Actually, his range of knowledge is infinitely wider than mine, because his curiosity is infinitely greater. He can make things with his hands, because he has wanted to know how—bookshelves, and wireless sets, and other gadgets for the home. He knows about horse-racing, cricket, football and boxing. He has seen all the great performers in these arts, and is now beginning to discriminate among greyhounds. Never a week passes but he goes to the theatre: he is intimately acquainted with the history of the English stage from the death of Irving, and remembers who shone in what parts. He can play a fair game of chess, draughts, bridge, whist, cribbage and poker. He excels at patience. He can mend the bath-room tap. When he walks in the country, he inquires eagerly after the name of any flower that seems rare to him; but few flowers seem rare, for he has inquired so much already. He tells the birds by their feathers and their notes, the trees by their foliage. His head is as full of facts, memories, tunes, interests, as an egg is full of meat. (And he goes on thinking of himself as an ignoramus!)

Now he got up in hopes to see the eclipse, while I lay and battered between the sheets. What he saw or did not see is no matter. The will to see is the essential.

We are bidden to fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run. But three-score years and ten are no more lenient than the last sixty seconds of a sprint: we must fill them, if they are not to leave us empty: and the thing with which we can fill them, and they us, is called experience. It is an affectation, of course, to pretend (as some do—in words: but their acts are otherwise) that all experience is equally good. Pain is less pleasant than pleasure, and no one was ever the merrier, or even the better, for being hanged. But to shrink from experiences because they may be painful is to lose Heaven through the fear of Hell; and to abstain from ordinary observation, neither painful nor pleasant—as of eclipses—is simply to be a dull and dreary dog.

Not that I wish for a moment I had got up to see the eclipse. The mere seeing, apart from the

will to see, would avail nothing. But I know that my senses are stopped like the ears of the adder: all this goodly frame, the bustle and hurly-burly of things, the sun and the other stars on their fiery business, the medley of essences and impulses, the throbbing of the flower beneath black earth, the scent and drift of rain, the change of colour on the wing of dragon-fly and beetle, the shape and noise of mechanical monsters, the teasing-power of conundrums, the play of wit and ardour of emulation, the range, agony, delight, thunder, intoxication of stellar systems reduced to the sweet decorum of the Pleiades and the awkward grandeur of the Plough—all these abound and make life and enrich it for the curious. I could pray for the gift of curiosity.

But, taking myself as I am, I must confess that if you tell me what are trumps—that is all I know on earth, and all I need to know. And even that I sometimes forget.

This confession is not true, of course. Not wholly and finally true—any more than anything else. I could put a case on the other side. I should probably be whitewashing myself, were denigration not easier. But it is true that, as far as I was concerned, the eclipse functioned to perfection. It did not wake me up.

BAD CRITICS

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

THIS morning is worse than yesterday. There is midsummer only in the calendar; a wintry sky hangs over me; there is a wolfish howling of wind and an occasional spattering of rain; the world is an old grey place, thick with the graves of men who can never be matched; and here I sit with all my wounds—of body and mind—on the ache. Thus the moment has come to write of bad critics. But first let me defend criticism itself from the hoofs of wild asses. There are some people who will tell you that they do not want books about books but books about "life." I do not understand these people, who appear to have a very queer notion of life. If I wrote a book about the talk of the people next door, they would accept that as a book about life; but if I wrote a book about the thoughts and dreams of one William Shakespeare, who very carefully put them into so many plays, they would call this a book about a book, a thing of no importance. It is obvious that books are a part—and a very vital part—of life, and so are books about books, and books about books about books, and so on and so forth. For my own part, I like to hear what Jones thinks about what Robinson thinks of Smith's opinion of Brown's book. If Jones has any vitality and breadth of mind, he will have told me a great deal about himself and Robinson and Smith and Brown, four different personalities, and not a little about life in general. It is possible for Jones to give us very good value for our money, that is, if he happens to be a good critic. Unfortunately, it is more likely that he will be a bad one, for criticism (at least this morning) goes from bad to worse. As time goes on, it seems to offer us less and less sustenance. Fully two-thirds of contemporary criticism is a Barmecide Feast.

You can see the bad critics ranged round the empty board. The first of them that comes to mind might be called the Labeller. He does not write reviews or short articles but large volumes and series of volumes. Frequently he is a professor. His pages are filled with schools and influences. His great trick is to lump a number of writers together and say that they form an 'ism and that this 'ism developed out of some other 'ism but gradually gave place to a new 'ism. Thus Classicism was followed by Romanticism, but then came Naturalism, which finally split up into Neo-Romanticism and Neo-Classicism. After that, if you are still hungry, you are invited to dine off the Index. It is clear that such fellows are not really critics at all. There is no evidence that they know anything about literature, that they can tell a good book from a bad one, that they can outline an author's personality or make plain his methods. You know no more about books and authors at the end of the Labeller's dreary recital than you did at the beginning. All he has done is to stick a number of his meaningless labels on literature. It is a long time since I read anything by the late Georg Brandes, but I cannot help thinking that that learned but rather stupid and very over-praised gentleman must be regarded as a Labeller-in-chief.

Now comes Procrustes. His object in writing criticism at all is simply to prove that some pet idea of his was also the pet idea of every writer of any importance who ever lived. If the idea, after the most strenuous stretching or chopping, cannot be wrenched out of an author's work, then that author automatically ceases to have any importance. Other writers in whom the idea may be found blossoming are hurried into the very front rank of literature. At the same time, whatever is outside the idea is left alone by the criticism. Procrustes obviously takes our money under false pretences, for never for a single moment does he give himself up to the task he has undertaken to perform. Sometimes Procrustes is messianic and at other times he is simply a sociologist (which means, I take it, a person who does not know much about anything in particular but likes to make easy generalizations in an imposing jargon) let loose upon literature.

Twin brother to these is the Scientific Critic, who, as he always tells us, is beginning criticism all over again, bringing it at last into line with modern thought. Now that he is with us, he hints, all other kinds of criticism are mere fancy work for the boudoir. He studies literature (I quote from one of his manifestos) "as the product of the material conditions that created the society and all the appurtenances which were necessary to its literary expression." In other words, once you know all about Elizabethan society, particularly the relations between the "bourgeois" and the "proletariat," you know all about Shakespeare, who is thus merely a guide to his times. But what happens if we say that we do not care twopence for "the material conditions that created the society" and yet care for its authors and still go on reading them? Where is the Scientific Critic then? He is left mumbling in mid-air. There we will leave him.

Then we have the Snob, and with him, I think, goes the Initiate. Indeed, the two can be combined, and are combined in the person of one critic known to us. Both the Snobs and Initiates

are convinced that literary criticism is an affair of the very few talking about the very few to the very few. The fact is, there are just a handful of books that are "serious," just a tiny group of authors who are "important," and all else is popular trash. We are always saying that things—but not many things though—are "serious" and "important," and there is no necessity for us to explain what we mean, for either you are with us in the inner circle and so understand at once what we mean or you are one of the God-forsaken mob of outsiders whom we do not care to flatter by making our meaning plain. And it is quite obvious that most of the books that people admire do not count, and of course it is not worth our while to explain why they do not count. One simply *knows* they don't count; one is left unconvinced by them, isn't one? This is the manner of the Snobs and the Initiates, and it is very curious how closely it resembles the manner of very silly fashionable women. I sometimes think these gentlemen must have unconsciously acquired this manner by imitating their hostesses.

This brings us to the Diner-out critic, who is generally a reviewer. Now it is impossible to say of the Diner-out that he has no standard of judgment. He has a very simple one. Does a new book look well on a drawing-room table? Is it likely to provide a good topic for smart luncheon parties? Is the author anybody in particular? Are the Mums and the Clicquots going to be amused? Is the stuff novel and spicy, or has it merely been written for mere bank clerks and masters in country grammar schools? If the work in question is poetry, is the fellow who wrote it likely to be taken up? If it is a new novel, is Lady Gush in it? These are the questions the Diner-out asks himself. Criticism to him is the adventure over the sole among hostesses.

It is not always easy to distinguish between this last and the Novelty Hunter, and some bad critics are both. The Novelty Hunter ransacks literature for startling ideas, and he would probably be ready to define good letters as what ne'er was thought and ne'er so ill expressed. Tell him a story about a man who is in love with a woman and he will probably refuse to listen, no matter how good it is. But tell him a story about a man who has a strange passion for a wart-hog and he will be enchanted. He delights in brand-new theories of life, however silly they may be, and he is under the impression that literature exists in order to bring about a series of monstrous births. Sanity and humour in authorship interest him not at all, but he will run miles to catch sight of a flicker of madness. If you wish to please him and earn his praises, you can do no better than insert a few cracked notions into your work, proposing that all men should set fire to their houses, that people with big noses should be segregated, suggesting that President Roosevelt was really the Archangel Gabriel, that all government should be left to boys of fifteen. Many people who are not familiar with contemporary critical methods will perhaps feel inclined to deny the existence of this ass. I can only assure them that the Novelty Hunter is one of the most influential of the bad critics, and is busy making reputations at this very moment.

There follows one to whom I have not given a name. His hand is frequently to be seen in ultra-highbrow periodicals, and as a rule he is very

young, very dogmatic, very pretentious, and always extremely silly and completely uncritical. His trick is to single one or two books out of thousands and to say that they alone are worth anything. He appears to be absolutely incapable of understanding that there are kinds in literature and many different degrees of excellence. He will declare that of all the novels published this century only two have permanent value. Always beware of the critic who talks in this strain, for however ingenious his mind may be it is obviously not a critical mind. Another trick of his is to slate all manner of authors, all with widely differing aims and methods, because they do not try to write like some idol of his. Thus the idiot will attempt to review half-a-dozen different novels and condemn them all because their authors have not tried to imitate Proust or at least have not succeeded in imitating him. Yet nobody seems to see how foolish this is, no editor buffets him with a folio; he is allowed to live and to go on scribbling his nonsense and adding the wits of honest readers.

Have we done now with the bad critics? Are there no more? Alas!—there are a great many more, for we have only examined, as it were, the top layer; but why should we go further? Here is the Barmecide Feast and year by year there are more hosts and greater throngs of guests; but happily we know that there is still beef and beer and pudding round the corner. Literature still goes on in spite of all the people who are helping it on its way.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

"WHAT DOES THE FARMER WANT?"

SIR,—In reference to Mr. Easterbrook's comments on my letter, I entirely disagree that it is the business of the farmers to put forward a constructive policy.

In their capacity of members of the community, which is likely to be seriously affected if Agriculture sustains shipwreck, they may put forward policies or make suggestions. As farmers, solely, they may state a case, for the community's consideration, but they cannot relieve the community of responsibility, nor do I consider they are equipped for "making an unbiased examination of the facts." Their whole time is occupied in keeping their heads above water.

As to the specific comments. 1. Labour: I am aware that in some countries labour is highly paid by the day. I am also aware that in Russia and India and in many other countries its remuneration, and the conditions of life, are very bad. No conclusion can be drawn from bare statements of this sort, which will guide us as to British Agriculture. Where conditions are suitable for the introduction and use of labour-saving machinery, labour costs per pound or per bushel may be lower than where even cheap hand labour is employed.

2. Rates (and also broadly speaking taxes): The incidence of taxation and rates falls on the home products not on the foreign products. This appears to be a differentiation against the home product. It would not appear to sin against Free Trade, or raise

the cost of food to the consumer, to spread the burden over all produce. Personally, I think it would pay the consumer to differentiate in favour of the home product, if thereby he is saved from having to feed the unemployed agricultural labourer entirely. It is a matter of a choice of evils. I should, however, fear that a fresh fund to draw on would encourage the spending authorities to further efforts in extravagance.

3. *Railway charges:* The collection and better hauling of home-grown produce to get the benefits of bulk transport is no doubt desirable for the Government to consider. It must be remembered, however, that our railway system suffers even more than do farmers from rates, taxes and high wages. It is, however, no use to suppose that the collection and carriage of mixed produce from, say, Yorkshire to London can be compared with the hauling of, say, the Canadian wheat crop. In general, countries who supply us foster the business on which time and prosperity so greatly depend, but I think the producer is usually not the moving spirit. Such countries do not act from love of the producer, but through enlightened self-interest. In England the producer has no capital to spare, nor would it be reasonable to ask him to embark on a business in which other capitalists are not prepared to risk their money. Not even the last egregious Coal Commission suggested that colliery companies should transport their coal to the consumer, though it would be vastly easier for them with a regular daily output of many thousands of tons of a single substance ready collected at a few centres.

A word in conclusion. It is obvious that many key industries, apart from agriculture, are in a very serious state, but meanwhile insane personal, public and local extravagance is the rule, damaging all honest and productive enterprises. When trade is booming we can neglect agriculture, we can pay for our food with our products, but at present, I fear, and for many years to come, we cannot, we dare not neglect her. The matter concerns the individual consumer and it is idle to suppose that from the producer alone can sanity, knowledge and wisdom be expected.

I am, etc.,

LEWIS D. NICHOLL

Laleston,

Bridgend, Glamorgan

SIR,—As one who pays about £200 a week in farm wages I am naturally interested in the subject of wages, and I think that Mr. Easterbrook is quite mistaken in saying that landworkers get more in the Argentine than here. In Canada they do, but many of them are only employed on the land for a portion of the year—seven, or possibly eight, months out of the twelve.

As for Denmark and Holland, are the farmers in those countries borne down by anything as burdensome and irritating as our Wages Act, which is so successful in its limitations of hours and of activity?

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Scarcroft, near Leeds

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—I hastened to read the article on 'The New Universities' in your issue of June 25, hoping that at long last justice was to be done to these institutions. But alas! I found only the old "looking-down-the-nose" attitude, from one who had obviously never studied or taught at any provincial college. May I, then, who have spent seven-and-a-half years as student and official in one of these New Universities, protest most vehemently against Mr. Ifor Evans's disparaging remarks?

In the first place, there may be two opinions about the residential system. Some may think that the undergraduate gains rather than loses by maintaining

contact with the outside world while he is engaged on a course of academic study. This contact not only enables him to correct theory by practice, but also induces a realistic attitude towards life which is seldom found in the cloister. Further, in his plea for fewer universities Mr. Evans ignores the fact that if the new civic centres of learning were abolished, the benefits of university education would be denied to all but the wealthy and gilded youths who constitute the majority at Oxford and Cambridge. Another fact he ignores is that the number of candidates for admission to all the universities is increasing every year.

In answer to Mr. Evans's charge that academic standards are lower at the new colleges than at the old, I would adduce first the requirements for the M.A. degree. It is notorious that at Oxford and Cambridge the M.A. is simply a matter of hard cash and the passage of time, whereas at the provincial universities even first-class honoursmen have to engage in post-graduate study and present an additional thesis for M.A. Then, though it is against the grain to flaunt names, Mr. Evans forces me to give a few which are connected with my own University and are known and are revered wherever scholarship is esteemed. To avoid invidious distinctions I will mention only scholars whose loss we have mourned in recent years: Sir William Herdman, zoologist and pioneer in oceanography; Andrew Cecil Bradley and Sir Walter Raleigh in English; J. P. Postgate in Latin; John G. Adami, the pathologist, in administration; J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, author of the standard work on Spanish literature. These are but a few world-famous men who have helped to build up our young University, and one could cite many more of equal fame who are still, happily, alive. This same college is universally acknowledged to have the best schools of Architecture, Geography and English in the country. Its School of Tropical Medicine (the quondam Head of which discovered the malaria microbe) attracts students from all over the world. Its Tidal Institute is pioneering in the study of the problem of harnessing tidal energy for industrial purposes; its Chemical Department has carried out interesting experiments in synthetic chemistry; its Medical School is actively engaged (among other activities) in cancer research; it has unrivalled schools of Engineering and Naval Architecture; its University Library is well-stocked and well-chosen.

On the social side, we are by no means so poor as Mr. Evans supposes. The Students' Union is seething with activity. There are political and religious clubs; Scottish, Welsh and Irish Societies, Societies connected with various subjects, such as English, Chemistry, and so forth. Dances, concerts, sing-songs and debates are held (we have a model song-book). We meet other universities in inter-varsity athletics and debates. Our sports grounds are extensive and well equipped. And above all, there is absolute equality between the sexes. Men and women mix freely together and exchange ideas, as they do in the outside world: there is no hint of that reactionary anti-feminism which is so marked at the older universities. Nor is there any attempt to impose childish restrictions on individual liberty such as those with which Oxford makes the world laugh from time to time.

In short, while it would be foolish to minimize the humanizing effect of traditions and cloistered calm, far too much has been said about these things, and not enough about "the advancement of learning and the ennoblement of life" which are graven on the foundation-stone of this Northern University I have praised. Old prejudices die hard; new truths have to struggle for existence against all the forces of snobbery and reaction. But truth prevails in the end. Let journals like the SATURDAY, journals of power and prestige, help the truth instead of hindering it.

I am, etc.,

"A LIVERPUDLIAN"

[Our correspondent complains that the article was written by one "who had obviously never studied or taught at any provincial college." Its author, Professor B. Ifor Evans, is a graduate of London University, was formerly a lecturer in the University of Manchester, won the Albert Kahn Travelling Fellowship, has since held the Chair of English Literature at the University College, Southampton, and now holds the Chair of English Literature at Sheffield University.—Ed. S.R.]

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

SIR,—Your suggestion that the coercion of the House of Lords by a Labour Government could be accomplished by the creation of additional peers opens up alluring possibilities of Gilbertian farce.

Suppose a Labour Government, having ennobled five hundred stalwart trade unionists and secured its electoral majority, is defeated at the next General Election. Its unfortunate Conservative successors would be under the necessity of defending its majority in the Lords by trumping its opponents' card and bringing the grand total up to a couple of thousand or so.

I would like to stress the fact that this is no humorous impossibility, but what would certainly take place unless it was decided to cut the Gordian knot at once and hand out patents of nobility at the Post Office. I suggest that it is little short of nonsense to imagine for a moment that Labour would be content to play at "constitutions" if the Lords proved difficult. More drastic medicine would be found to kill the patient.

I am, etc.,

E. P. KEELY

99A Clifton Hill, N.W.8

TENNIS OR LAWN TENNIS?

SIR,—Mr. Ivor Brown will possibly be interested to know that the number of "cloisters" in which the game of tennis is played is not five or six but something over forty. To be aware of the game is a part of polite education, and to condone the usurpation of the name is a lapse from logic, fairness of mind, and decency of feeling. The suggestion that we should call lawn-tennis tennis necessitates the use of another word for the game proper—"real tennis," for example. But Mr. Brown must be logical. He will argue, I suppose, that for every person who plays tennis there are a thousand who play lawn-tennis. But for every person who visits the National Gallery to-day, one thousand will visit "the pictures." Does Mr. Brown propose that the masterpieces of Gainsborough and Reynolds should be called "real pictures" to distinguish them from the more popular "close-ups" of Mr. Tom Mix and Miss Gloria Swanson?

It is possible that owing to the cheapness of the sport greyhound-racing will ultimately prove the most popular form of gambling. Does Mr. Brown propose, in that event, to insist that racing as we know it be called horse-racing? Then what about television and wireless concerts? Will the future find Mr. Brown declining an invitation to spend some June day: "Sorry, but full up. Real pictures at Burlington House, the horse-Derby, dinner with real Smith and concert at the real Queen's Hall afterwards"?

Come, come, Sir. Let us keep Bolshevism out of letters and respect property in words. Lawn-tennis is not tennis, and neither Mr. Brown, Mr. Tilden, nor all the millions of bandeau'd flappers can make it so.

I am, etc.,

JAMES AGATE

Doughty Chambers, 55 Doughty Street, W.C.1

[Come, come, Sir. Let us keep pedantry out of criticism. Does Mr. Agate give "auction bridge" parties? In the *Daily Mail* of last Monday, Lady Oxford wrote: "I remember the time when to talk

of lawn-tennis as 'tennis' would have been like dropping an h; but now if you speak of lawn-tennis you might be wearing a crinoline." We leave Mr. Agate in his crinoline.—Ed. S.R.]

AMERICAN HISTORY

SIR,—It is difficult to accept Mr. Shanks's invitation to reply to his criticisms of the production of 'The Rise of American Civilization'; Mr. Shanks no doubt hoped that it would not be easy, but did not, I suspect, realize wherein the difficulty lay.

The fact is that I am bound to agree with almost everything that Mr. Shanks has written. The one point of divergence is the matter of the number of volumes into which the book is bound. It would have been possible to produce two volumes printed on thinner, lighter paper which would have been easy to handle and light to hold. To have bound up the book in four volumes as Mr. Shanks suggests would have increased the published price unnecessarily. After all, Doughty's 'Arabia Deserta' is now issued in one volume containing some 1,350 pages, but it is neither difficult to read, in this form nor unduly heavy.

Now for the explanation of the remarkable appearance of a publisher in a white sheet. If Mr. Shanks will look at the back of the title page of the book in question he will find a note which reads "Printed in the U.S.A." Had Mr. Shanks read this note he would at once have realized that the English publisher had considered it unlikely that he could sell a sufficient number of copies in this country to repay the very heavy cost of setting up and printing the book here. The alternatives available were therefore to decide not to publish the book at all, or to purchase a certain number of sheets from the American publisher and issue the book in a form that is admittedly unsatisfactory, at any rate for England.

I think that Mr. Shanks must agree that in this particular case an imperfect book is better than no book at all.

I am, etc.,

G. WREN HOWARD,
Director

Jonathan Cape, Limited,
30 Bedford Square, W.C.1

CROSBY HALL

SIR,—May I bring to the notice of your readers the fact that the scheme for turning Crosby Hall into a Club House for University Women of all Nations is now completed, and that the public may now once more see London's most famous example of the medieval great house? To be opened by Her Majesty on Friday, the new residential wing, which replaces a portion of the original building burnt down in the fire of London, contains rooms for forty-seven resident women graduates engaged on research work in London. In addition there are comfortable common rooms for members of the British, or the twenty-seven foreign, Branches of the International Federation of University Women, who may use Crosby Hall as their Club House.

I think I may safely say that the Tudor spirit has been successfully maintained, both in the building of the new wing and in the furnishing of the Great Hall as a dining-room. The latter, furnished with long oak refectory tables and benches is, we hope, not very different from what it appeared in days when Richard III, Sir Thomas More, and Sir John Crosby, among other illustrious owners of Crosby Hall, lived there, and certainly gives a most interesting impression of a medieval banqueting hall.

The Great Hall will be on view to the public at certain hours, while every passer-by may see the exterior through low iron railings that have replaced the hoardings which for too long shrouded the build-

ing after the removal of Crosby Hall from its original position in Bishopsgate to the Chelsea Embankment.

The British University women are deeply grateful for the splendid work of women all over the world which has made possible the dedication of this ancient Hall to our present-day purpose of international friendship.

I am, etc.,

CAROLINE F. E. SPURGEON,

Chairman Crosby Hall Endowment Committee

Crosby Hall,

Cheyne Walk, S.W.3

RIDER HAGGARD

SIR,—Is it not a little strange that "Stet." in his interesting appraisal of Rider Haggard, does not mention 'The Hare and the Mahatma,' at once the most original and most sincere of all his writings; also, I am afraid, the least read?

I am, etc.,

J. W. E.

The Athenæum, Pall Mall, S.W.1

[Owing to lack of space many letters are unavoidably held over.—ED. S.R.]

P's AND Q's

"A HERO TO HIS VALET"

SIR,—In a book entitled, 'Essays, Moral and Literary,' written by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, and published in 1777, the following sentence occurs: "No great man ever appeared great in the eyes of his valet-de-chambre." Probably that is the origin of the familiar phrase, "No man is a hero to his valet."

T. A. CHURCH

SIR,—In reply to L. Marlowe: "No man is a hero to his valet" (Il n'y a point de héros pour un valet-de-chambre). Mme. Cornuel (1605-94).

MURIEL HAMILTON-SCOTT

"THE FIRST FARMER"

SIR,—The passage referred to by your correspondent, R. S. Laurie, is to be found in Emerson's paper on 'Farming in Society and Solitude.'

JAMES HENDERSON

"HE FLED FULL SOON"

SIR,—May I be allowed to supplement Mr. Stephen Temple's very brief reply *re* "He fled full soon, etc."?

The lines are to be found in the third stanza of the 'Elegy on the Death of Jean Bon St. André,' which appeared in No. 27 of the *Anti-Jacobin* (May 14, 1798). The reference is to the "Glorious First of June," 1794, in which action it is said St. André showed excessive cowardice.

MURIEL HAMILTON-SCOTT

THE SAVAGE CLUB

SIR,—Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, who furnished Darwin with material bearing on the origin of species, says: "If anyone deserves the name of being the founder of the Savage Club, it is a book." The book was the *Train*, a first-class magazine; the first number, written in 1855, appeared in 1856, one year after the club was founded.

The club met first at a public-house at the corner of Exeter Street and Catherine Street. Afterwards Vinegar Street, next the Lyceum Tavern. See 'The Savage Club,' by Aaron Watson. Fisher Unwin, 1907.

M. PORRITT

THE THEATRE

LAST TRUMPETINGS

BY IVOR BROWN

The Spot on the Sun. By John Hastings Turner. The Ambassadors Theatre.
The Spook Sonata. By August Strindberg. The Strand Theatre.

IT was surprising that Mrs. Patrick should keep in her Monte Carlo villa a servant such as Holmes. For Holmes would have more appropriately served the dining-table of John Knox than the dressing-table of Mrs. Patrick. Holmes heard, not harps, but last trumpetings in the air, and that was not surprising in the least. Mrs. Patrick kept queer company. Mr. Robert Loudon was as genial a fellow as ever confined his activities to shaking cocktails. Mr. Barrington Woolfe was the worthy nephew of an uncle who, at the age of sixty, was a gigolo in Monte Carlo; he was also a son of Smyrna, with full qualifications to impersonate the oiled and curled Assyrian bull, while he brought Levantine money to Mediterranean pleasures—also to Mrs. Patrick, for whom he was the gentleman who paid the rent. The Baroness Ridler was an ogress who led her dancing-partner on a leash, and the latter, by name Michael, was at the service of all such angels. Miss Delaney aped innocence and played at sweet-and-twenty as being the only joke left to Monte Carlo.

The going at the villa was "werry fierce." Yet one imagined that Mrs. Patrick was not wholly vile. She knew that she was a cad, because she took Woolfe's money and gave him nothing, but to swindle such as Woolfe might count for virtue. But Mrs. Patrick was wholly forgetful. It was a telegram which reminded her of her only daughter, recently captain of cricket at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. Forgetfulness was in the blood, it seemed, for daughter Mary, before taking a plunge into mother's little vortex, forgot to wire until she had reached Marseilles. Result, no preparations, and only a hasty decision of the vorticists to be portentously solemn. Enter daughter Mary, fresh, slim, vigorous, athletic. She concludes that mother has collected a party of frumps. Agreeable curtain. An amusing act. Mr. John Hastings Turner shows us Monte Carlo from within just as if he were a peer on a Sunday paper. But there is this difference. Mr. Turner can write. An obvious weakness of the act is that people forget many things, debts, birthdays, appointments, and so on, but are not usually oblivious of an only child. Mrs. Patrick turns out later on to be one of nature's mothers; her early negligence helps a first-act curtain. Otherwise, it is ridiculous.

Stranger things follow. Daughter Mary, who has swept in like a gale from the sports-ground, has within twenty-four hours fallen in love with Michael, the mannikin, and apparently thinks him just the sort of fellow who might, with a little encouragement, go in with Dipper for Gloucestershire and so make Hammond unnecessary. The obvious conclusion is that young girls emerge from Cheltenham College in a state of innocence both dewy and commendable. It used to be chanted, I believe, by the pupils of that establishment concerning their austere controllers:

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel;
How different from us,
Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

Daughter Mary felt the dart according to recipe. But, then, having mistaken a gigolo for God's Own Sportsman, she suddenly emerged as an ultra-modern young lady who could discuss the shabby ethics of her home with as much calm toleration as if she had read nothing at Cheltenham but the works of Restoration dramatists and their modern imitators. Within twenty-four hours Mary has stopped bouncing down the room and being violently hearty in athletic garb, and has become a modern daughter in a Monte Carlist home who will smile wearily at the sins of the mothers and at the menace of last trumpetings. We don't believe a word of it.

Yet the muddled character of daughter Mary does not prevent Mr. Turner's play from being a very vivacious entertainment. The struggle between Barrington Woolfe and Mrs. Patrick is extremely dramatic, and the brilliant acting of Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Frank Cellier give it every possible point. Mr. Cellier has added another to his list of triumphs in versatility; he never assumes a part without looking it, and on this occasion the right Levantine oil oozes from every perfumed pore. Yet this same actor once showed us the dying Henry IV with an extreme of Shakespearean pathos. Miss Tempest has more to do than to run up and down the scale of waywardness which her fingers know so well. She has to fight Woolfe in earnest, and she has both herself and her daughter to save from his enticements. There is matter here for the acting of courage as well as of charm; Miss Tempest can make the passage from raillery to rebellion with perfect ease. Miss Fabia Drake is faithful to the various moods of daughter Mary and carries the inconsistencies of the part with skill, while Mr. George Howe is fearfully authentic as one of Monte Carlo's wage-earners. Mr. Graham Browne's production is adroit, just as most of the play is adroit. Mr. Turner knows his job and can garnish his stage-craft with epigrams which have a genuine content of wit and are apt to the character and the situation.

Mr. Turner's characters laugh at the prospect of doom. Last trumpets are but tinkling trifles to their ears. Strindberg, in his 'Spook Sonata,' took a turn on the powerful brass himself, and would trumpet us into anguish and repentance. 'Sonata' is a word justly chosen. He who listens to music may put upon that which he hears such intellectual construction as he finds suggested. Nothing mentally positive or precise is conveyed to him; if he is to reduce sound to sentences he must do it for himself, using only the composer's suggestion. 'The Spook Sonata' is not sense in the way that a scene of Shaw is sense. You can witness the parade of the living-dead and the dead-living without prospect of instruction, but you can also read into the rhythm of the mad affair whatever you find hinted there. The hints come helter-skelter. Trying "to make sense," as we say, of 'The Spook Sonata' is like trying to tell a schoolboy what exactly King Lear and the Fool are saying.

Shakespeare was portraying the insanity of others; Strindberg was meandering in a maniacal nerve-storm of his own. I think (perhaps unjustly) of Strindberg as of a parallel to Marx; Marx sat with his beard in a pool of statistics and went irritably on with his interminable mixture of mathematics and of spleen. Strindberg industriously concentrated on a larger animosity and applied himself with a preposterous zeal to the hatred of his fellows and the contemplation of his own despair. There are ample signs in 'The Spook Sonata' that he had a sense of humour; why did he never turn it on himself? Had he done so, he might have been a dramatist of permanence instead of the manufacturer of stage-curios of which 'The Spook Sonata' is a conspicuous example. I was considerably bored by its latter phases, but it never wearied me as completely as did 'The Dance of Death,' and Mr. Fagan's production gave to the

sonata a properly shiversome orchestration. If Strindberg was aiming at the post of last-trumpet-major he may be said to have earned the job by this horrific picture of mortality's immortal corruption.

MUSIC

THE SPANISH MODE

EVER since Glinka returned home to Russia with the dance-rhythms of Spain beating in his head, and, by an odd process of cross-fertilization, begot from them a national style, Spanish music has had an ever-increasing influence upon composers in all European countries. Unlike the Russian school, which became a fashion rather than a profound influence just before the war, Spanish music has a long history and is the outcome of an ancient civilization, and not the creation of a few men in a generation that was the first to take on a veneer of European culture. For this reason the music of Spain has deeper roots and is consequently of more worth than that of Russia, which sprang up and blossomed very brilliantly upon a thin soil, but is now no more than a poor and weedy growth. In a week that has been exceptionally full of musical interest, the revival of 'Carmen' and the concert of works by Manuel de Falla stand out above everything else.

'Carmen' is typical of the best that has been done in the Spanish mode by non-Spanish composers. Local colour is skilfully used to give an exotic flavour to a thoroughly French score. Bizet, like other foreigners, seized upon certain obvious characteristics of Spanish music, which the music of the true Spaniards—Granados (though his German training weighs heavily upon him), Albeniz and, above all, de Falla—shows us to be merely superficial. For Spanish music has a note of harshness, of stridency, about which more will have to be said, and which is wholly absent from Bizet's mellifluous and delicate music. The Frenchness of the score was emphasized—though this does not strengthen my argument that it is non-Spanish—by the failure of the performance at Covent Garden, which was due to the fact that the two chief female parts were taken by German singers. We know Maria Olczewska and Delia Rheinhardt to be, in their way, fine artists, but their way is not the French way. Anseau, who may be Belgian by birth, but who is French by training, and Journet provided convincing proofs of this explanation of the failure of the Carmen and the Micaela. Nor did I think that Bellezza, for all that he is a Latin and therefore more in sympathy with the French style than the Germans could be, realized fully the lightness of the music. To take an example, the quintet in the second act went very heavily. I have heard Beecham get English singers to take this delicious *scherso* half as fast again, and the result was electric. 'Carmen,' in spite of its tragic moments, is a *soufflé* and needs the last exactitude in its cooking, if it is to "rise" properly.

The concert of works by de Falla, which included his new concerto and was given an added, though extrinsic, attraction by the presence of the composer, brought a large and fashionable audience to the Æolian Hall. The smart set must have had a severe shock over the concerto. They are accustomed to having their drawing-room pianofortes put out of tune by pianists of all sorts who, when asked to play their piece, have for the past two years set about hammering out those alternate handfuls of notes in the 'Danse rituelle du feu.' They have found it a vastly exhilarating piece of music, which indeed it is. So this arid and austere concerto must, I say, have taken them aback. There is here none of the obvious passion or

the clear Spanishness which their small acquaintance with de Falla's music—at most 'The Three-cornered Hat' and bits from 'El Amor Brujo'—had led them to expect. Even the Spanish flavour of these works, so different from the tourist impressions of Spain presented to them by foreign composers, must have taken all the years since their first production to gain recognition for what it is.

The organizers of the concert did not, indeed, play very fair. It was unfair to put the concerto in the forefront of the programme and to have it played on a pianoforte which did not blend in the very least degree with the other instruments and accentuated the harshness of the harmonies. It was also unfair to present the puppet-opera, 'El Retablo de Maese Pedro,' for the first time in London in concert form without giving an audience, which for the most part knew no Spanish nor anything about the work, more than a brief programme-note to assist their understanding. It would have been far better if the programme had begun with the suite from 'El Amor Brujo,' which most of us knew, and which was given a somewhat stolid performance under the composer, had then proceeded to the opera, after which the concerto should have been given, and repeated for our better understanding. For 'El Retablo' contains many things which would have made the newer work more intelligible to the audience.

As it was, we had to wait until the middle of the programme to hear the concerto played with the harpsichord, for which it was intended. This second performance, which was also better in every way than the first, made a deep impression. Except in the last movement, it contains no concession to the ordinary Spanish tunefulness, yet it is Spanish to the core. I have before now made a comparison between de Falla and Vaughan Williams, each of whom has worked out a distinctive idiom for himself from his national folk-music. The similarity, which is not one of any outward resemblance, is made clearer in this latest work of de Falla, which has the kind of austerity, derived in part from the old church modes of Spain, that is so evident in Vaughan Williams's latest works, in which also there is no compromise with the obviously attractive. These two composers, who are of the same age—Vaughan Williams is, though you might not think it, the elder by four years—appear to be working, each along his own lines, towards the same goal. From neither of them need we expect large works of an heroic character, but rather music of an elevated mysticism, which has indeed begun to appear and which baffles the hearer who is not attuned to it.

The basis of de Falla's music is national. It is as surely influenced by the characteristics of the language and voices of the Spanish people—and to a lesser extent by the technique of the guitar, which is the popular instrument of Spain—as Bizet's music is conditioned by the light, swift accents of French and Wagner's by the slower moving and ponderous German. From this source comes that stridency or harshness, which has already been remarked, and the rhythmic quality. It is entirely different, though it may sometimes produce similar effects, from the uncouthness of Vaughan Williams, or the violent and calculated dissonance of the recent effusions of Stravinsky, who seems to have lost for ever any sense of a personal style. I do not think that the new concerto is a perfect work. The first movement, in particular, seemed to take a long time to get under way. But it is an exceedingly interesting work. The misfortune for this kind of music is that it has little chance of gaining the public ear, and so, like 'Flos Campi' and 'Sancta Civitas,' is likely to remain unfamiliar. Nevertheless this concert proved to musicians that de Falla is one of the few genuinely original composers of our time.

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—70

SET BY L. P. HARTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a dialogue, in not more than 450 words, between the Sun and the Moon on the subject of the uses of advertisement, as illustrated by the recent solar eclipse. It should be a dialogue, not a juxtaposition of soliloquies.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem in the manner of Mr. Waley's translations from Chinese Poetry, introducing the line:

It is sad to exchange a suburb for a province.

The poem should not exceed 20 lines in length.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 70A, or LITERARY 70B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 11, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 68

SET BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an extract from a scene in a chronicle-play in the manner of Mr. John Drinkwater, entitled, 'King Canute.' Mild anaæronisms will not be disallowed. The extract should not exceed 500 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an excerpt of ten lines from a very long poem, supposed to be written by Alexander Pope, on the recent flights across the Atlantic.

We have received the following report from Mr. Hussey, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. DYNELEY HUSSEY

68A. The entries to this competition were all good. Mr. Drinkwater's matter-of-fact manner is not, of course, difficult to imitate, but it is, on that account, all the more difficult to catch the true accent of his simplicity, which, like that of Maeterlinck, produces an odd combination of poetry and commonplace. Most of the competitors succeeded in achieving this effect. R. H. Pomfret sent in a scene so like the original that I wondered for a moment whether he was not the poet in disguise. But he was too wholly serious to

win a prize, and omitted the touches of homely humour, which must form a part of any characteristic excerpt from a play by Mr. Drinkwater. Only one competitor, George Gamble, actually stages the familiar episode on the sea-shore. He has written an amusing scene, but states too much that should be implied in parody. Bernard Livermore is highly commended, especially for his verse at the end, which is in the true "chronicler" manner. The prizes go to Doris Elles and Major Brawn, who have both managed to work in the sea-side event cleverly in just the kind of allusive way we should expect of the poet.

FIRST PRIZE

Act II—Scene iii

An hour after. Osgood of Canmore and Siward Clapa are waiting in the Great Hall. Their house-carls whisper at a distance.

Siward (leaning despondently on his javelin): I suppose there's no doubt about it.

Osgood: No, it's settled now, right enough. But that was a brave thing for a man to do, Siward. Land and water. They're both big things. But water . . .

Siward: There were some words he spoke when the waves touched his feet. . . . "Empty and worthless is the power of kings. . . ." That was a brave thing for a man to say, Osgood.

The Queen enters and the house-carls stop fidgeting.

Siward: This has been an anxious time for you, your Majesty.

Queen: It has.

She puts the mustard leaf she is carrying down and looks inquisitively at their sandy shoes. Both men endeavour to hide their feet.

We should be glad of quiet. The King will not leave his room again to-day.

Osgood and Siward rise and march stiffly away, their house-carls falling in behind them. The Queen straightens their benches, and turns to find the King behind her. He is pale, and carries a horn of mead in one hand and his crown in the other.

King: Well, this day will be a memory to us, Emma, all our lives. It makes a man humble to be treated so.

Queen: You'll feel humbler still to-morrow, Knut, when you've got one of your tiresome colds. You think what I say doesn't matter, but I tell you you'll only be a good king while you keep your feet dry.

King: That may be true, I think. Faith and honesty can make a good man, but this kingly business is very deep and awful. Now what do you think that is, Emma?

He holds the crown out towards her.

Queen: It's a very good crown, Knut, if only you would have it cleaned more often. But there, you never did consider appearances, and now you never will.

King: There is but one King. And there are so many crowns.

He stamps three times upon the ground, and Osgood of Canmore re-enters, followed by house-carls.

Osgood, can you ride at once to Winchester?

Osgood: At once, Sir.

King: Then take thirty carls and ride to the Cathedral within the city. There hang this jewel on the Crown of Thorns, for I will not wear it again.

Osgood takes the crown from the king and marches quickly away. A deep silence follows.

Queen (approaching him with mustard leaf): I think I am a better wife to you, Knut, than history will ever tell. . . .

DORIS ELLES

SECOND PRIZE

Canute: I am not easily embarrassed, but I cannot help hearing things.

Húk: They may have sung, your Majesty, but there is no surety that they were singing your praises.

Canute: Believe me, gentlemen, I have studied this matter in the loneliness of a king and with all the thoughtfulness of which I am capable. And I ask you, gentlemen—do men sing so merrily if it is not in praise of somebody?

Húk: But it need not have been in praise of you, your Majesty.

Canute: There are only two persons, Húk, whom, being monks, they would praise.

Húk: Which are?

Canute: Their King and their Creator, Húk: those are men's loyalties. Understanding the Church as you must all admit that I do, having ravaged more monasteries than even my father Sweyn ravaged—though I pray God to pardon me for it now, gentlemen, for it was a great sin, a very great sin—understanding it, then, as I do, I can say with the utmost certainty and without any fear of contradiction, that those monks of Ely were not praising their Creator. Some weeks ago I showed you a draft nominating them all bishops.

Húk (aside to Leofuine): I told you so.

Canute: The moment has now come to reward their loyalty.

Húk: If you ask my advice—

Canute: I do not wish your advice. I only demand your support. I have said enough. Gentlemen, the meeting is adjourned.

He rings a bell, and Ethelburga comes in.

Canute: Take these Jarls to Emma; she will give them mead. I will follow at once.

The four men go with Ethelburga, flapping the wings on their helmets. The swishing of the plates is not unlike the sound of the sea. Canute stands silently for a moment, a lonely, tempest-beaten, unbeaten, conqueror. Then he moves to a map of Denmark and England, and makes a sign to show his thankfulness that they are still united—both his. He rings a bell, and Eadgar comes in.

Canute: I'm rather tired to-day, Eadgar. Read to me a little (he hands him a book). 'The Tempest.' You know the passage.

Eadgar (modulating his voice to suit the different speakers): "Nay, good, be patient."

"When the sea is. Hence. What care these roarers for the name of king?"

Canute: Damn you, man! That's not the passage!

The curtain falls.

MAJOR BRAWN

688. Pope is no less easy to parody than Mr. Drinkwater, and this part of the competition produced a large crop of entries, only two of which (both by the same competitor) failed to resemble the original. The majority, however, copied Pope at his least distinguished; what was wanted was a purple patch. The attempts fell, naturally enough, into two classes, the serious and the satirical. Among the former H. C. M.'s lines were excellent, but they were about flying in general and not about the Atlantic crossing. In this section, Charles Gray, Fax, and Muriel Malvern did well, while José Hall sent in some hardly exaggerated rhodomontade, which made clever use of an actual Popish line:

Who sups in China breakfasts in Peru.

The satirists were mostly concerned with the overwhelming reception of the arriving airmen, but Lester Ralph turned his sting upon the makers of engines, suppliers of petrol and so on, who "vie to win through heedless Ace the hucksters spoil." The following couplets deserve quotation. Halcyon's:

And he, who fearless faced the cruel cloud,
Flies from the frantic favour of the crowd,

and W. Thompson's:

Come errant Mercuries like gilded gnats,
With little food, sans passports and sans hats.

The first prize goes to George Gamble, who is better as satirist than as narrator. His lines are far more pointed than any of the other competitors'. James Hall wins the second prize. His entry contains some of the best lines sent in, but is marred by the seventh and eighth. Calse and Major Brawn are commended.

FIRST PRIZE

Still sound and sane, he glides the placid air,
Lights upon earth, and knows the mad are there;
Saved from the skies, he near to death is trod
When numbers prove a hell can greet a god.
Behold him chaired to tables of the great,
Where pressmen ply and politicians prate,
Where titled dunces, fools by right divine,
Joke without wit and without wisdom dine.
On nether limbs exposed to crowds agape,
See demi-virgins flaunt his pictured shape.

GEORGE GAMBLE

SECOND PRIZE

. . . Now upwards to behold a sunset past,
And breathe a prayer that it be not their last:
Now hailed by lingering ship, that labouring goes
Searching her homeward course, like halting prose:—
As fluent lyric note they glide serene;
Speeding, inspired, through inspiration's mean.
Amid the tension—thoughts of dreaded crash;
A humorous one flits by about a "splash."
Now vision's strained, as though it could extend
Two thousand miles, to Land's—and Ocean's End . . .

JAMES HALL

BACK NUMBERS—XXX

WHEN they gave sack to Raleigh on his way to the scaffold, he said, "It is a good drink, if a man might stay by it." Mark Twain's brew was an admirable thing, but have many of us been able to stay by it? For myself, I can give only a qualified answer. Some part of his work was never attractive to anyone with the least fastidiousness. As the SATURDAY REVIEW said in 1880, in dealing with 'A Tramp Abroad,' he could be very dull when trying hard to be very funny, and he could err grievously in taste when dealing with matters which he did not understand. The terrible book about the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur remains the most vulgar thing ever complacently produced by a genuine man of letters. A good deal even of the better work has not worn well. But there remain such things as 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' and he who is tired of them must be tired of literature.

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The SATURDAY used no extravagance when it compared Tom Sawyer's vision of his enemy's hand in the cave with Robinson Crusoe's sight of a footprint. But that passage is far from being alone in excellence; and indeed if a man would take the measure of Mark Twain's ability as an artist he should compare 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn' as wholes. In the former the reader was shown Huckleberry from the outside; in the latter from within. And it is with a most remarkable skill and self-restraint that Mark Twain allows him, in what, however, is the lesser book, to exhibit himself. If elsewhere he went out of his way to be funny, in these books he showed a really scrupulous concern for artistic propriety. In the latter, everything is seen through Huckleberry's eyes, never through eyes more observant, reporting to a mind more sophisticated. The sheer truth to character in those two books is such that, were they other than the productions of a popular humorist and about boys, Mark Twain would long ago have been examined with serious respect as an artist in literature.

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Of his humour it is hardly necessary to say anything: its quality was always instantly recognized, not always with mirth. To my mind, but it must be confessed that I have not been assiduous in reading Mark Twain, the very best of his humour went into that scene in which Tom Sawyer gets his friends to whitewash the fence for him. But there are hundreds of laughs in 'Tom Sawyer' and almost as many in 'Huckleberry Finn,' and these not in passages that might without loss be excerpted but in passages that owe a very great deal to their context. The conduct of the young human animal has surely never been described with at once so much fidelity to character and so much provocation to laughter.

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To continue in eulogy of Mark Twain as the creator of these two boys would, however, be doing him the injustice of suggesting that his portraits of adults were inferior. There is no need to go beyond 'Huckleberry Finn' to see how surely he could present all the types he had been able to observe in his impressionable period. The very ease of his success may conceal from some readers the merit of it. There is no parade of making us familiar with the persons to whom Mark Twain introduces us; there are no elaborate descriptions and laboured dissections; but the characters appear and act and are immediately accepted as human beings. The American

comedian, Mr. Raymond, who excelled in playing Colonel Sellers, used to say that there was no town in the West and South-West where there was not a man claiming to be the original of that character. One need not have known the America of Mark Twain's youth, or have the least knowledge of America, to know his persons real. They carry the evidence of authenticity with them, proclaim themselves in word and act as soon as they are before us.

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The Mark Twain who drew multitudes to read and hear him was doubtless not this artist but the jester of, for example, the Anglo-German guide to the Munich picture gallery: "Susan bathing . . . in the background is the lapidation of the condemned"; "A larder with greens and dead game, animated by a cook-maid"; "It is not permitted to make use of the work in question, to a publication of the same contents as well as the pirated edition of it." That sort of jesting, and there is much of it in 'A Tramp Abroad,' does not amuse people very much to-day.

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Like all the major, and most of the minor, humorists, Mark Twain had a personality which gave a peculiar value to his spoken words. I never saw him in the flesh, but every report I have had, from those who did, agrees on that point. There was, it seems, nothing so effective as the stammer of Charles Lamb; but there was (what shall it be called?) a kind of private relishing of the jest about to be uttered. Mark Twain, I am told, and I hope rightly, savoured his own fun as an intelligent host tastes his wine, not grossly revealing to the guests his pride in it, but yet making them aware that he knows the quality of it. He had, but again I speak only from hearsay, that delaying manner, as of one who would not have the fireworks over before the spectators have had their anticipations heightened to the utmost, which has generally distinguished fine talkers.

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What Mark Twain could have been in another setting it is hard to say. Full scope was denied him by his American public and by certain domestic circumstances. Yet perhaps he would not in any conditions have attained to that profound satire which goes past the accidentals to grapple with essentials. There has been, perhaps, only one such profound satirist within the memory of this generation, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, in his dealings with the idea of progress. After all, for such satire it is necessary that the writer should have a lofty and firmly maintained standard to which all pretensions can be referred. But at least we should have had from Mark Twain, in other conditions, work much wider in range, more outspoken, further removed from the boy's book category to which 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn' belong. But let us be thankful for what he gave us in those two books. The memory of other things he wrote may be dim or distasteful, but the two boys and their associates will be held in enduring and grateful recollection. No mere fun-maker ever achieved such truth in portraiture, or stationed characters in so real a world of their own. For Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry do inhabit a world as much their own as the world of the 'Pickwick Papers' is Mr. Pickwick's. There is everywhere an admirable propriety of circumstance and incident and atmosphere: the characters and their surroundings are unimaginable apart from each other.

STET.

REVIEWS

A WAR DIARY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

War Birds: the Diary of an Unknown Aviator. Hamilton. 15s.

THIS diary is presented to the public with no explanation of its origin and no word from any hand other than that of its supposed author except the note on the last page:

Here the diary ends, due to the death of its author in aerial combat. He was shot down by a German plane twenty miles behind the German lines. He was given a decent burial by the Germans, and his grave was later found by the Red Cross.

The first question which enters one's mind is naturally that of its genuineness, and on this, I am bound to own, long reflection has left me undecided. There is a certain tang of reality about most of its details, and real people (McCudden, Bishop, Billie Carleton and others) are mentioned with a frankness and frequency that would be unpardonable in a work of fiction and rather astonishing in a record of fact. But the young aviator is sometimes suspiciously eloquent, and his eloquence reaches its height towards the end of the book, where there occur several pages of meditations on the fear of death and the evil effects of war. I am far from saying that these could not have occurred in a genuine diary, but they occur in this one at a point which, artistically, is rather too convenient. They are, also, a little over-mature for the writer as he elsewhere depicts himself. If I might hazard a guess (and it is no more than a guess) it would be that this diary is genuine in the sense that Barbellion's 'Journal of a Disappointed Man' was genuine. Barbellion really kept a day-by-day record. But when he prepared it for publication he rewrote it and arranged, transposed and amalgamated the entries as he thought fit: he closed it with a premature announcement of his death. My guess, then, is that the "Unknown Aviator" was not, in fact, shot down behind the German lines but is still alive and has made this book out of a day-to-day record which he kept at the time: he has, that is to say, used a mature power of expression for youthful experiences. I put this forward without any great degree of confidence, but it is a theory which fits the facts better than any other I can devise, and which also describes the impression the book has made on me. I will add, however, that since the book may be regarded as an historical document of some importance, the truth about it ought to be made public.

The diary covers rather less than a year, beginning on September 20, 1917, and ending on some unspecified date in the neighbourhood of the following August. The writer is so reticent about himself, his antecedents and his circumstances as to suggest careful excision at many points. He was, however, a young American (very young) who sailed for Europe as a cadet in the Air Force of his own country and, after his arrival in England, was transferred to the R.A.F., where he learnt to fly and spent the rest of his life. He was a reflectively reckless young devil: he conveys the impression of having joined whole-heartedly in the amusements of companions who were rather less reflective but no more reckless. The picture of himself that, in the end, he succeeds in imprinting on the reader's mind is by no means the least attractive part of the book. He added the war-airman's conviction that this is a short life and should be made as merry as possible to the ordinary young American's belief that Europe is a playground for him, and much of his diary consists of variations on the theme "drinks and girls—girls and drinks." But he had also a queer strain of earnestness which was almost heroic in its naivety. It shows when he says:

I can't kick. It's the best war I know anything about. It's been worth a lot to me so far. Sooner or later I'll join the company of the elect, but I want to get a Hun first. I want to get one sure one—a flamer or a loose-winged flop. I know how hard it is, but unless I get one, the government will simply be out all it cost to train me. If I get one, it'll be an even break. If I get two, I'll be a credit instead of a debit on the books.

These reflections occur side by side with such entries as:

Spring's little girl came back for further instructions, so this time I undertook her education. I took her down on the beach and gave her a short lecture. She's young and innocent all right—but ambitious.

Or (more frequent):

We had a proper binge last night. We invited the C.O. and the flight commanders of 211 over for dinner to return their hospitality, and a colonel from the A.S.C. who was a friend of MacDonald's in Salonika. Everyone calls the C.O. Bobby. He is a great drinker, and has the reputation of being able to drink the rest of the world under the table. We certainly gave him a good opportunity to exhibit his jewels. Spring and I were detailed as pacemakers, and we mixed up a big bowl of punch, and we all had a bottoms-up contest that was a classic. We had speeches from everyone after dinner, and the colonel tried to get on the table to make his, but it wasn't strong enough to hold him. Then we had a football game in front of the mess. Cal and Bish collided head on in the dark at full speed, and were both knocked cold. Bobby lived up to his reputation, and won the contest easily. We had to carry the colonel out and put him in his car feet first. He came back to-day and wanted to know what was in that punch. When we told him what was in that innocent drink he nearly fainted. These Britishers will learn some day to respect our concoctions. They don't think a drink is strong unless it tastes bad.

There is in that all the innocent chuckle of precocious war-time youth. But if the "unknown aviator" had no great respect for the strength of the English head, he acquired much respect for many English institutions. He considers the organization and spirit of our Army superior to that of his own. He meets a general and remarks: "These British great moguls are the finest in the world. They make Lord Chesterfield appear like a truck driver for polish." Surveying his own country from the infinite distance of the front he writes:

The American attitude towards soldiers is without parallel or equal and beyond the imaginative concept of even Jules Verne. Every day I hear something new which makes me glad I am in France.

If it were the lower classes who indulged in the rotten, cheap, maudlin sentimentality that even the French peasants scorn, I could understand it. But no, in America our best people have proved the contention of democracy that all are equal by showing how poor democracy's best are, and stooping to a level that aristocracy's servants scorn.

There you have at once the pungency and the crudity of the young man. Between the two he makes a convincing picture of a life that was all raw contrasts, all—according to him—drinking-parties, high aspirations, daily peril, girls and the death of friends. It is certainly too convincing not to have a very extensive basis of solid fact.

SARGENT

John Sargent. By the Hon. Evan Charteris. Heinemann. 30s.

WE are in danger of forgetting that there is an art of the biographer. It is true that we get plenty of biographies every year which are accurate, well-informed and eminently readable. We get bad ones too. Mr. Charteris reminds us that when John Sargent sent his first painting over to England for the Royal Academy in 1886, it "obtained a majority in a plebiscite instituted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as the worst picture of the year." If a similar competition were started in literature—an attractive idea—it is not improbable that the prize would lie between the lesser novelists and the authors of biographies or books of personal reminiscences. But the general standard is high: that is why biographies continue to

be so popular. The trouble is that their art is that of the journalist rather than of the biographer. The talent of their authors is for setting down a string of disconnected facts and anecdotes in such a way as to make them readable. If they aim at anything higher—at a real portrait of their subject—they will probably do without the facts altogether and give us instead what is called a "character sketch." It is the true function of the biographer to combine the two—to tell both stories at once.

For it is a mere platitude to say that creative workers "live" in their work. They have no "private lives" that can be considered apart from their work. To stand for five minutes in front of the 'Perseus' of Benvenuto Cellini is to understand why its author was always getting into scrapes; to study a single campaign of Napoleon's is to appreciate his relations both with the Pope and with Josephine. In fact, there are not two stories, but one. Sargent, says Mr. Charteris, "paints as a man of muscle rather than mood." Is it mere coincidence that he was also a tall and powerfully built man—as so many other great painters have been—almost impervious to sickness and fatigue? He was modest to a fault, with a morbid shrinking from notoriety and an invincible repugnance from public appearances. "I would do anything for the Royal Academy but that," he wrote, when asked to become its President, "and if you press me any more, I shall flee the country." And few who heard it will forget the ordeal of the one important public speech he ever made. It is from such a man that you get what Mr. Charteris well calls that "exuberant objectivity," which is the outstanding feature of Sargent's art. He never drew anything "out of his head," he never deliberately went in search of subjects to suit himself; he was content simply to record what he saw, as and when he saw it, without troubling about its ethical significance or its effect upon himself. "Seriously as he regarded art," says Mr. Charteris, "and high as he put an artist's calling, he had neither the arrogance of the dedicated spirit, nor the pretensions of the prophet." His friend, Sir Edmund Gosse, has given the author a note upon Sargent's method of working, when down at Broadway in Worcestershire in 1885, which is surely an extraordinary revelation of character:

He was accustomed to emerge, carrying a large easel, to advance a little way into the open, and then suddenly to plant himself down nowhere in particular, behind a barn, opposite a wall, in the middle of a field. . . . The other painters were all astonished at Sargent's never "selecting" a point of view, but he explained it in his half-articulate way. His object was to acquire the habit of reproducing precisely whatever met his vision without the slightest previous "arrangement" of detail, the painter's business being, not to pick and choose, but to render the effect before him, whatever it may be.

Could modesty go further? As Sargent himself would have been the first to agree, it is the manner and not the matter that is significant.

In the actual process of creation, Sargent's method was to make rapid rushes at his canvas with poised brush, to be followed by equally rapid retreats. "Like a wagtail," someone said. He was always rejecting canvases and beginning again. And we note that his conversational methods were very similar. "When he can't finish a sentence," says Mr. Charteris, "he waves his fingers before his face as a sort of signal for the conversation to go on without him." He was a hesitating talker, even on questions of art. It was "as though he was at his easel, determining the next stroke of his brush." But his hesitations were themselves expressive.

Mr. Charteris's method of treatment, it will be seen, has enabled him to produce a remarkably complete and satisfactory portrait. The features grow together under his hand, instead of being put in separately—which was exactly Sargent's own method of painting a portrait. And whatever may be the case in the

studio, there can be no doubt at all that this is by far the best way of constructing a biography. Mr. Charteris had a subject worthy of his talent. Sargent was a big man, in every sense. He read widely—if he had written for publication he would probably have had a style as individual as Whistler's—and his sympathies were broad and generous. Though absorbed in his art to the exclusion of almost everything else, he was always ready to help a brother artist in distress. He hardly noticed the war, he missed its significance, until the letters of his friends—and Mr. Charteris's in particular—awakened his sympathy for the cause of the Allies, which he immediately took to his heart. The result was 'Gassed,' one of the most notable works of art that the war produced. So far as his merits as an artist are concerned, which is posterity more likely to do—accept Mr. Roger Fry's dismissal of Sargent, the artist, as "non-existent," or Mr. Charteris's modest claim that he did at any rate, like a gallant rider to hounds, "open a gap" through which many lesser men have been able to follow?

THE DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND

In Search of England. By H. V. Morton. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Touring England. By Sydney Jones. Batsford. 7s. 6d.

Rambles in the Home Counties. By W. A. Hirst. Cobden-Sanderson. 5s.

Old English Mills and Inns. By R. Thurston Hopkins. Palmer. 12s. 6d.

Everyman's Sussex. By Richard Gilbert. Scott. 3s. 6d.

Somerset. By Mrs. A. C. Osborn Hann. Illustrated by A. Henton Cooper. Black. 7s. 6d.

Gloucestershire. By J. D. Newth. Illustrated by G. F. Nicholls. Black. 7s. 6d.

THE motor-car has rediscovered England, and every true lover of the country-side should be glad of it. As Mr. W. A. Hirst—himself a walker—very sensibly remarks, the motor-car has improved the roads and improved the inns, and what more can any walker want? It is no use yearning for the return of the old coaching days and, at the same time, grumbling when the grass disappears from between the wheel-ruts.

But for most of us the discovery of England is a new sensation. We do not quite know what to make of it; we feel a little lost; and we have a ready welcome for this new class of literature which has sprung up to meet the new need. It is not too much to say that probably none of these books would have been written—Mr. Hopkins's is a possible exception—if the motor-car had not rediscovered the country-side. And it is an amusing illustration of the self-conscious modern attitude in the matter that they are all so anxious to explain that they are not intended for the ordinary tourist, but only for quite exceptional adventurers; that they are not guide-books—fatal word—but just amusing travelling companions; and, above all, that they are "off the beaten track."

Mr. Jones is "off the beaten track," though he visited Canterbury and Salisbury; so is Mr. Hirst at Burnham Beeches and Stoke Poges; Mr. Hopkins, too, among his windmills; and even Mr. H. V. Morton makes the same claim more than once in the course of his exciting motor tour, when he saw nearly every recognized "sight" in England.

But Mr. Morton has the true spirit of the adventurer, and it is not what a man sees but how he sees it that makes the difference, after all. His chapters

have been reprinted from the popular Press and contain a certain amount of information—as that Beaulieu is “pronounced Bewley”—which might have been omitted from the book; but it all makes very entertaining reading, especially when—as at Clovelly and Gretna Green—Mr. Morton is a little bored. He is wrong in thinking that no one knows of No. 9, the Barbican, Plymouth; but St. Anthony in Roseland is a real discovery; and there is a notable passage on Durham Cathedral which achieves the greater distinction of telling us something new about a place we all know. Mr. Morton is better with men than with places. He has a talent for “drawing out” the old inhabitant that can only be learnt in Fleet Street. It provides him with some of the best stories in his book.

Mr. Jones obviously writes for motorists, and no one else. He takes us along through the towns and villages at break-neck speed, throwing out a few breathless sentences as we pass, very much on the lines of the old joke: “What a pretty village! Yes, wasn’t it!” “Thetford, just over the Norfolk border, and once known for its wool fair, should be seen”—and that is all about Thetford! “From there to Ixworth, and on to Lavenham and Needham Market” is all we hear of the next twenty or thirty miles. But his tours are well arranged, with useful maps, and the text is no doubt quite as long as the average motorist will have time to read. Mr. Hirst, on the other hand, writes for walkers, though motorists might get much help from him. You start out from London by tram or motor-bus or train, until you reach the starting-point for an eight or nine-mile walk in the Milton country, the Jane Austen country, or, perhaps, in Dickens’s Kent. The book is full of information, as befits the walker’s more leisurely pace. It is curious that Mr. Hirst should have been, as he tells us, in communication with Sir Charles Oman on the subject of the site of the Battle of Barnet, and should then give an account of the engagement which differs violently from that of his learned informant. Nor does he seem to be aware of the contradiction. Otherwise he is meticulously accurate. He talks sound sense about that over-rated Parliamentarian, John Hampden, and, in general, is careful to see that the Whig dogs do not get the best of it. No better book of its kind has appeared this year.

A motorist—or any other holiday-maker—might do very much worse than take a copy of Mr. Thurston Hopkins’s book and follow him round among the windmills. It is a fascinating subject, and Mr. Hopkins, as usual, seems to know all about it. He leaves himself little space for the inns, but he does find room to tell us where the pound is at Brighton. Who else would even have guessed that Brighton possessed a pound? But Mr. Hopkins always knows everything, and in this book he is at his chatty, affable, omniscient best. In contrast with Mr. Hopkins’s stream of facts, Mr. Richard Gilbert attempts only the airiest of Nature studies. Sometimes he gets a very effective picture—sometimes not. We do not look for topographical accuracy in such a book, but surely he is horribly wrong to spell Tickerage with an “idge.” Mrs. Osborn Hann and Mr. J. D. Newth have both done useful work along familiar lines. As is usual with this series, their books are well turned out and brightly illustrated.

ANIMAL SOCIOLOGY

Social Life in the Animal World. By Fr. Alverdes. Translated by K. C. Creasy. International Library of Psychology. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

THE importance of comparative study of animal and human sociology is probably the most obvious lesson of the Darwinian theory, but that important task has never been adequately performed. This attempt by Professor Alverdes is bold but not

entirely satisfactory; besides suffering from a faintly pedantic atmosphere and from some grave defects of translation it is far from trustworthy over facts. Mr. Creasy appears to have got his equivalents for German names straight out of an inferior dictionary, with the result that they must prove unrecognizable to many English readers. In translating scientific works this is an inexcusable fault, and far too common. Thus he gives us “crested divers” (apparently for great and crested grebes), “white mews” for cock of the rock, “spurred peewits” for spur-winged plovers; *Pluvianus* is the crocodile plover and not the dotterel; “sea-gulls” for gulls, “sea-swallows” for terns, and “water-wagtails” for wagtails are not legitimate variants in a scientific work; while “wall swifts” (or swifts, as we should call them in English) fly screaming through the streets at all seasons, and not simply in teaching the young their business. The text contains many other instances of *suggestio falsi*, as when the author cites a purely insectivorous animal like the shrew as a “solitary predatory species” never sparing its own kind.

The assertion that it is a normal thing for birds of prey to devour their own kind is untrue except of certain nestlings. Starlings and ravens cannot truly be said to “brood gregariously,” even if “brooding colonies” were the proper English expression for it. In the case of the raven Dr. Alverdes contradicts himself by rightly observing that they only crowd together for a feast of carrion. He appears to be unaware that bower birds do not collect “all sorts of coloured and striking objects” but rigidly select particular colours, varying with the species, blue and yellow being most widely favoured and red anathema. He says:

The fact that cuckoos’ eggs found in the nests of hedge-sparrows, water-wagtails, etc., always in the same degree resemble those of these species, depends, according to Rensch,

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upon the fact that the owner throws all too dissimilar eggs out of the nest. Thus the cuckoo trades upon the parental instincts of the birds whose nests it invades.

The import of this is none too clear; if it means that cuckoos' eggs always resemble those of the foster-mother, it is, like many of the author's remarks, much too sweeping, and only true of certain areas of the Continent. The statements on leadership and flight formation are unsatisfactory; the latter, as Dr. Alverdes himself recognizes elsewhere, are adopted not in discipline but quite spontaneously as the line of least air-resistance for birds of powerful beat flying together.

The publishers' claim that the author has "summarized all the information at present available" fails to bear scrutiny. All the more important recent English work is ignored, and, what is more inexplicable, the results of Continental bird-marking too, although reference to the Hungarian records, for example, would have modified such statements as that on the duration of swallow mateships. The overlooking of Burkitt's highly valuable study of the robin ('British Birds,' Vol. XVII, pp. 294-303, XVIII, 97-103 and 250-257, and XIX, 120-124) may be excused by the poor indexing of scientific papers, but the failure to refer to such obvious authorities as Eliot Howard is less easy to understand. An authority should not be constantly cited with page references in the text (for instance, Groos) without any indication of the work quoted appearing in the bibliography. We have selected our criticisms mainly from the ornithological aspect, but they apply to other branches with equal force.

In spite of these grave shortcomings, students of animal behaviour will find this book worth reading. After detecting so many misstatements we should not care to learn anything from Dr. Alverdes's facts, but we have learnt a great deal from his wide outlook and lucid analysis of the springs of animal behaviour. The truth is that most of the necessary scientific data are not yet in existence, and must be ascertained and confirmed before we can legitimately review them. But when they are all available, and come to be estimated as a whole, the summing-up may not differ very essentially from the one Dr. Alverdes has accomplished.

THE MURDERER ANALYSED

The Psychology of Murder: A Study in Criminal Psychology. By A. Bjerre. Longmans. 9s.

MURDER, according to Dr. Bjerre's penetrating analysis, is not the outcome of strong passions or the other causes usually put forward; it arises from a general unfitness for satisfying the demands of life. In homicide, as in all crime, the decisive factor is weakness, and the criminals seek in self-deception, passivity, or pretended acceptance of conventional standards a means of escape from realities with which they feel themselves unable to cope. By this he explains the fact that:

just the most brutal criminals . . . were nevertheless frequently attached to their mothers by bonds which seemed even stronger than those which one ordinarily finds between mother and son. . . . This strange relationship . . . proved, as soon as I acquired a fuller knowledge of it, as palpably as anything else in their lives to be dependent on their need of support, their sense of insecurity, and the consciousness of their own incapacity. The psychic divergence from the mother, the development into an independent human being, which proceeds in every normal child as life opens out to its consciousness, its own desires and awakening will, prompting it to activity; all these simply cannot exist in the life of these criminals, since they lack from the beginning all the foundations of an independent life and of personal responsibility. They were brought into life with an incurable terror of existence, forced with horror from their mother's womb to meet their destiny, and they therefore unconsciously shrank from the struggle for which they felt themselves unfit, clutched with the strength of despair at their mothers, and tried to

conceal and forget themselves, just like children who are terrified by something inconceivable, hostile and supernatural.

Among criminal motives the sexual instincts are, according to Dr. Bjerre, never of more than secondary importance, even in sexual crimes; a fundamental inadequacy is always the determining factor.

The book consists of an Introduction and three detailed studies of individual murderers, selected as types of the three classes distinguished by the author. After summarily reviewing the circumstances threshed out at the trial, which we are warned are very rarely of any psycho-criminological significance, Dr. Bjerre proceeds to the results of personal interviews with the prisoner, which he appears to have conducted with a patience uncommon even among scientists and a rare tact. It is an exceedingly illuminating study, breaking new ground.

THE COURT OF CHARLES II

Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675. By Marie Catherine Baronne d'Aulnoy. Translated from the French by Mrs. William Henry Arthur. Edited and revised with notes by George David Gilbert. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

THE appearance of a second impression of this excellently produced volume of memoirs attests a popularity which on the whole must be said to be deserved, for the book is good in its kind, though this is rather of the bedroom keyhole variety. Intrigues and amours form its substance, but the narrative is sprightly and entertaining and not indelicate. It is eminently a book to dip into at random—with the certainty of reward. The reputation of the author as a writer of fairy tales does not predispose us to believe in its accuracy, but in this respect these memoirs appear to have been maligned, and apart from trifles such as occasionally condensing the events of months into days and some other arts of the historical novelist there seems no reason to question their general truthfulness. In the original the names of most of the chief characters are unfortunately fictitious, but the editor thinks he can identify several of these. These identifications may well be correct and perhaps some could not be definitely proved or disproved. But some of the clues are certainly slight. When one of these is in three instances the same and also vague, doubts are with difficulty resisted.

Historical students to whom this work has long been known may dispute these points, but the general reader's interest and pleasure in these recollections will remain. A surprisingly even level is maintained throughout, and the lighter side of court life is pleasantly and engagingly depicted. The Duchess of Monmouth, for example, complains to the king of the indifference and bad behaviour of her husband, whereupon she in turn is accused. The Duke of Buckingham must be summoned to corroborate her statement and the Earl of Norwich is dispatched—"Poor Lord Norwich found the Duke of Buckingham all too soon but under the very last circumstances he expected; for his Grace was kneeling at the feet of my lord's wife." The book is largely made up of incidents of this kind, quietly and agreeably narrated. There are some good anecdotes. We like the one of the aged Duchess of Newcastle, anxious to preserve her beauty, whom a quack persuaded "to get a man, make him very fat, and . . . distil him, saying that the extract would prove more efficacious in rejuvenating her than the Waters of the Fountain of Youth." An unfortunate fellow of healthy complexion was promptly obtained and fattened up, but his curiosity was roused by the Duchess's interest in his *embonpoint*, and learning

that he was to be cut up to make a brew to rejuvenate her Grace he rapidly grew so thin that he resembled a skeleton. The Duchess relented and the king allowed it to be known that he would never have pardoned the meditated cruelty. Nell Gwynn capped this tale with another of the same personage driving in a coach drawn by eight bulls. No wonder the Duchess confessed in her autobiography to "a delight in a singularity."

This book excites only two regrets: that it does not record more of Charles II's better remarks, and that the delightful phonetic spelling of the proper names in the original French was not kept: Vitheal (Whitehall), Bouquinham (Buckingham), Amtoncour (Hampton Court), d'Evinchier (Devonshire), Scherosberry (Shrewsbury) and Nellé Cuin.

SAVANT AND STYLIST

The Gorgon's Head and Other Literary Pieces.

By Sir James George Frazer. With a Preface by Anatole France and a Portrait of the Author. Macmillan. 15s.

POPULAR writers of to-day may be nearer the Augean stable than the Augustan dignity. They revel in paradox and cleverness which Addison would have denounced. There are no wild epigrams in his 'Spectator,' but an easy humour and a level narrative which shun violent transitions and Gothic writing. To this Augustan peace Sir James returned in his 'Sir Roger de Coverley and other Literary Pieces,' here enlarged with new contributions. 'The Gorgon's Head' is no severe Medusa, but a recreation of fancy after solid work on Pausanias. The change of title, "much as Sir Roger's own head was displaced by that of the Saracen on the signboard of the inn," is due to the fact that readers have supposed the Coverley papers to be the work of Addison. This is a tribute to Sir James's skill, and more than that; it indicates a community of temperament. When in the days of the war we published three of the papers on Sir Roger, we thought of their writer and Addison, both possessing the shyness of the scholar, the humour which never underlines its effects, the gentle, and it is as well to add to-day, the gentlemanly spirit. It is seen again in the appreciation of Cowper, the gentlest of poets, and of the Younger Pliny, who for all his fussiness was a generous and kindly gentleman rejoicing in his country home.

To a French translation of 'Sir Roger' Anatole France contributed a Preface reproduced here. The essays remind him of the recreations of Renan, who, another scholar said, was "a savant in spite of his beautiful style." Books that must be read for their additions to human knowledge are not always agreeable to read, and Sir James has happily told the world in his writings that a savant need not be a mediocre author. He can be a model of lucidity and grace. In anthropology "the rigours of science did not," says Anatole France, "exist before him," but Sir James himself pays in this volume discerning homage to Robertson Smith, a brilliant pioneer in the science of comparative religion whom orthodox Aberdeen spued out of her mouth to the advantage of Cambridge. This kind of writing is hardly a recreation, being most difficult to do, and Sir James does it admirably for two other students of his great subject, Fison and Howitt.

Some of the other papers are disappointingly brief, but all have their charm, particularly those concerning Cambridge. He tells of the joys of historic Trinity and congenial talk with friends, the scholar's pause when, like Faust in his study, he rests from his endless labours, the haunting appeal of that *brevis rosa* which appears in the Dedication and again in the Author's last words to his Book:

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DICKENS AND MARK LEMON

The Unpublished Letters of Charles Dickens to Mark Lemon. Edited by Walter Dexter. Halton and Truscott Smith. Limited Edition. 42s.

DICKENS'S friendship with Mark Lemon, the famous editor of *Punch*, began with their association in private theatricals. The present collection of letters deals mainly with those affairs, and the book, therefore, comes out as an apt pendant to Mr. Van Amerongen's recently published 'The Actor in Dickens.' The letters do not throw any important light on the life of Dickens, nor do they explain the sudden cessation of his close friendship with Lemon. One letter to Lemon's son states that "there was never any serious estrangement between" them, but certainly their friendship ceased. Mr. Dexter does not produce any convincing explanation.

The letters are valuable for other than biographical reasons. Once again we find ourselves in touch with one of the most spontaneously amusing and delightful of letter writers.

Mr. Dexter has done his work of editing excellently, but perhaps the most striking thing about this volume is the "get-up." We have rarely handled a pleasanter book. It is bound in magenta mat cloth, with vellum back and edges, and the print is admirable in every quality. It is a beautiful book.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

Now East, Now West. By Susan Ertz. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Pandemonium. By Christopher Rover. The Richards Press. 7s. 6d.

An Indian Day. By Edward Thompson. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

'TWILIGHT SLEEP' is a grim, depressing book. Although the title is metaphorical there lingers about this tale—or should one say this diagnosis?—of modern New York a suggestion of the sick-room, a whiff of chloroform, mixed with the indefinable smell of something that has been artificially deodorized. Mrs. Wharton's world is a circle of old, rich families. Her heroine, Mrs. Manford, had married into this charmed milieu—"her own red corpuscles were tinged with a more plebeian dye. . . . Not that other ingredients were lacking in her hereditary make-up: Mrs. Manford, in certain moods, spoke of 'The Pascals of Tallahassee' as though they accounted for all that

was noblest in her." This Pauline Manford had divorced her first husband, the amiable liquor-loving Arthur Wyant, to marry Dexter Manford the barrister, a younger and more vigorous man. The divorced families, however, were on very good terms, and criticized and interfered with each other just as if they had been one real family. Pauline represents the older generation. She is full of engagements and always dancing attendance upon Faith-Healers and purveyors of Eastern mysticism. To read of the money she spends on them makes one's mouth water, for no one knows better than Mrs. Wharton how to make the rich seem rich. Mrs. Manford was also devoted to good works and went about delivering speeches: "Personality-room to develop in: not only elbow-room but body-room and soul-room, and plenty of both. That's what every human being has a right to." Every minute of her day was accounted for, and if ever left to herself she had the sensation of slipping into a mental vacuum, and was terrified:

Her whole life (if one chose to look at it from a certain angle) had been a long uninterrupted struggle against the encroachment of every form of pain. The first step, always, was to conjure it, bribe it, away by every possible expenditure—except of one's self. Cheques, surgeons, nurses, private rooms in hospitals, X-rays, radium, whatever was most costly and up-to-date in the dreadful art of healing—that was her first and strongest line of protection; behind it came such lesser works as rest-cures, changes of air, a seaside holiday, a whole new set of teeth, pink silk bed-spreads, stacks of picture papers, and hot-house grapes and long-stemmed roses from Cedarledge. . . .

She had indomitable energy, she looked on the bright side of everything, she was a female Robot. But, would she only have recognized it, all about her storms were brewing and threatening to destroy the Manford family ship which breasted so gallantly the waves of financial prosperity. Danger from her step-son's wife, from her daughter, from her husband. They had more nature in them than she had; they wanted mistresses and lovers. As for Dexter:

The philanthropy was what he most hated. All those expensive plans for moral forcible feeding, for compelling everybody to be cleaner, stronger, healthier and happier than they would have been by the unaided light of nature. The longing to get away into a world where men and women sinned and begot, lived and died, as they chose, without the perpetual intervention of optimistic millionaires, had become so strong that he sometimes felt the chain of habit would snap with his first jerk.

It did snap with results that would have been tragic but for his wife's ingrained habit of looking on the bright side of a bedroom-scene which contained, or had contained, a daughter wounded in two places, a daughter-in-law in hysterics, a former husband a little drunk, with a revolver, and a contemporary husband whose presence needed a great deal of explaining. . . . Mrs. Manford triumphed; she sterilized everything, even the irregularities of her own family. She encountered the grasping insatiable Italian marchesa, Amalasuntha, and defeated her with no other weapons than a long purse and infinite charity. We do not grudge her her victory; but it is the victory of organization over impulse, of society over the individual. 'Twilight Sleep' is not merely an indictment of the lives of a single group of rich people; it is a horrified forecast of what the world may be coming to. Mrs. Wharton has bestowed on this new novel all her gifts. It is marvellously organized, marvellously coherent: it moves in a rich deep stratum of thought, the colour and density of which never change, giving the story a magnificent unity of mood and conception. So opaque is this medium that the characters and the life they lead appear blurred; there are no sharp edges, few occasions when the raw taste of life asserts itself above the fine flavourings of literature. There is little spontaneity, perhaps too little. But any unfledged author can produce startling effects of verisimilitude; it is only Mrs. Wharton who can write a novel like 'Twilight Sleep' in which are displayed an exacting

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craftsman's conscience, a method which combines almost equally the arts of statement and suggestion, and a complete knowledge and realization of the author's own intention. It is impossible to exaggerate the difficulties, technical and otherwise, which Mrs. Wharton faces and overcomes.

Miss Susan Ertz writes much more simply and directly. She has more confidence in life than Mrs. Wharton. In 'Twilight Sleep' the "drift" of the story was more important than subsidiary currents and tributaries. Miss Ertz also has a drift, but it is not set so unmistakably towards scepticism as Mrs. Wharton's; and therefore she is more at liberty to enjoy isolated scenes for their own sakes. How good are the "scenes" (in every sense of the word) between husband and wife!—between the husband who likes a place, be it America or England, the longer he stays there, and the wife who must needs keep changing her pasture! This childish behaviour, these angry exchanges, have the very accent of truth; so vivid are they, they penetrate one's memory and make seem mechanical many quarrel-scenes one had once thought excellent. All the foolishness and vulgarity and transitoriness of a "row" Miss Ertz brings out with a sure touch. She has great sympathy with and understanding of English people and Americans; she is never bitter or cynical; she rarely, if ever, says a silly thing. She is admirably equipped as a novelist. As to the scheme of her narrative, it is perhaps a little too symmetrical, too neat. What was a couple in New York becomes a quadrilateral, then a hexagon, in London; breaks up suddenly, limps for a moment as a triangle and becomes a couple once more. Kate, who succours the ingenuous and charming American husband while his wife is disporting herself abroad, is the least satisfactory of Miss Ertz's characters; her attitude to him is too protective. However humble he may have been, I do not think he could have continued to like a woman who set about the business of educating him in that determined fashion, however beautiful was the voice in which she rehearsed the Sonnets of Shakespeare. The other characters are all good and Miss Ertz has taken special pains with the less important ones, Francis and Mary. Would Althea's private reflections have always been so snobbish? It is a terrible thought, but perhaps Miss Ertz, who is clearly right about so many things, has summed up her heroine justly.

Of the novels that have been written about post-Revolution Russia, 'Pandemonium,' though by no means the cleverest, is not the least interesting. The main characteristic of the heroine, Princess Bachourine, is contradictiousness. It is not that she wishes to put forward a different view, but she simply is constitutionally unable to agree with what is said to her. An Englishman connected with the Relief Mission (the scene is laid in Moscow) falls in love with her, as does also an Italian diplomat, O. Vivaldo. The Englishman, besides being in love, was by nature anxious to please; you would have thought it impossible to disagree with his observations, they were so flattering and so uncontentious. But every conversational lob he bowls the Princess hits, a cruel whack, to the boundary. We have known Russians who displayed this trait: is it, perhaps, inbred in the race? Even Vivaldo, who was much cleverer than the Englishman and whom the Princess (unknown to herself) really loved, could not break her of this unlovely habit:

Vivaldo: I am beginning to think that living here is not sufficient to understand you.

Princess: It is very easy to understand us if you don't make yourself difficult.

Mr. Rover has great insight into his heroine's character; but his men (with the exception of the Terrorist, Killar) are ineffective.

Mr. Edward Thompson has immense ability, but not exactly the ability to write a novel. At least, in his account of India and the relations between Indians

and Englishmen, it is the discussions that interest us, rather than the people. The characters all talk so trenchantly and well, demolishing every verbal obstacle (and the dialogue is full of obstacles) with so much ease, that it is almost impossible to think of them suffering misfortune, losing relations, being quietly misunderstood and unhappy, without solace or annoyance from dialectics. Actually they undergo great tribulation, but over all this the jungle waves and the brilliant exchange of ideas goes on. 'An Indian Day' is a very clever book, but why the editors describe it as a "counterblast to Mr. E. M. Forster's 'Passage to India,'" we do not understand. The Fielding in the one is very like the Hamar in the other. And it is strange to think of Mr. Forster producing a "blast" for anyone to counter.

SHORTER NOTICES

Companionable Books. By George Gordon. Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.

TOWARDS the end of last year, Professor George Gordon was invited by the British Broadcasting Company to deliver a series of informal talks on literature. The first six of these public conversations, together with a short essay on 'The Humour of Charles Lamb,' form the contents of this book. "These brief and unpretending discourses are published in obedience to requests, the number and warmth of which surprised me," says the author. After reading them, one is not in the least surprised at the general request for publication, for there is a companionable quality about the author himself which is most attractive. This attribute has doubtless helped him to favour, when he talked, unseen, about classics of English literature to that heterogeneous multitude which every evening places earphones on attentive heads, or listens to the loud speaker. When Professor Gordon has finished talking he has made everyone want to read, or re-read, whatever masterpiece he has chosen to discuss; and since these wireless talks were addressed primarily to the uninitiated, such persuasive powers were very necessary if the purpose for which they were delivered was to be effected.

What the author wanted to do, of course, was to suggest that Pepys's 'Diary,' Walton's 'Compleat Angler,' 'Tristram Shandy,' Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' Cowper's 'Letters,' and Kinglake's 'Eothen,' are much more alive and a great deal more companionable than any best-seller. "There are many people who shrink from opening an old book because it is old. There are almost as many who, if you present them with a book and tell them it is a literary masterpiece, at once show signs of panic, and are evidently afraid to be left alone with it." These people, who would never have dreamed of buying a volume of literary criticism, apparently listened to it with satisfaction. Let him carry on, then, talking of books to his audience of a million—a solitary voice sounding in the midst of weather reports, jazz bands, bed-time stories, the boom of Big Ben, and breathless, minute by minute accounts of tennis battles at Wimbledon.

Criminology and Penology. By John Lewis Gillin. Cape. 25s.

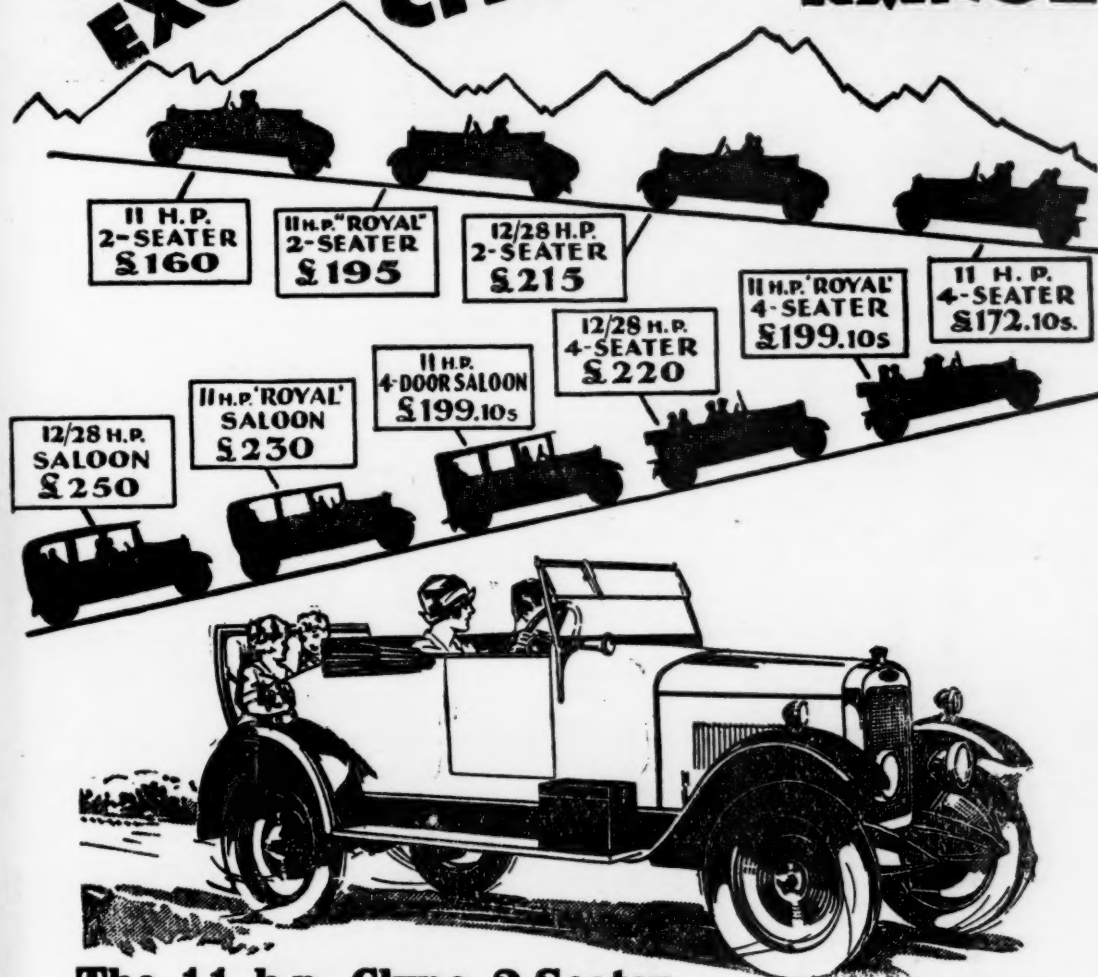
WERE the reformation of man ever to be effected by the mere force of words, this massive volume should help that end. The author is Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin. He has made crime his province, and there is no form of offence against moral or social conventions which is not fully considered. Suggestions are offered for the best forms of punishment, for it appears that, scientifically considered, punishment under our present system of civilization is apt to promote rather than prevent crime. One has to bear in mind that there is sometimes a difference in the English and American meanings of an identical word. We read that one working-girl attributed her moral downfall to the fact that "she had to wash her waist at night." But the stumbling-block was not, it appears, excess of personal cleanliness, but that she possessed only one "waist," Anglised, blouse. After perusing this weighty book, it is disappointing to find that Professor Gillin can point no way to a moral millennium. Sociology in Wisconsin is, it appears, little or no further advanced than on that day when Jeremiah, with a laudable economy of words, remarked: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it?"

The New Prayer Book. Edited by Professor H. Maurice Relton. Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

IN view of the imminence of the final decision both of the National Assembly and of Parliament with regard to the fate of the Deposited Prayer Book, this is a timely publication. It consists of eight lectures on the subject of Prayer Book Revision delivered at King's College, London, and the lecturers represent every school of thought in the Church of England. The Rev. Francis Underhill speaks for the Anglo-Catholics.

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Canon Vernon Storr for the Liberal Evangelicals, while the attitude of what is sometimes called "Central" Churchmanship is expressed by such authorities as Professor Barry and Dr. W. R. Matthews. It is significant that each of these writers is prepared to accept the new Prayer Book and to abide loyally by its decisions. If such a spirit is to be found in every section of the Church the path to peace has already been made smooth. Apart from a few extremists, whose knowledge is hardly commensurate with their zeal, the necessity for a revision of the Prayer Book has not been disputed. Many of the formulæ of 1662 are meaningless when applied to 1927. The Church is a living, growing organism, and its code of worship should be capable of reflecting its life and its growth. Among other things, as Professor Barry has pointed out, there has arisen in recent years a new and nobler conception of the nature of God than was possessed by the seventeenth-century Reformers, and this has found expression in the new Book. That the Bishops' proposals will satisfy everybody—or indeed completely satisfy anybody—is to the last degree unlikely. We suggest, however, to the malcontents that there is no necessary finality even in the Deposited Book, and that they may still legitimately strive for a further enrichment in the services of the Church of England. In the meanwhile, in a Church which is episcopally governed, it appears to be the plain duty of its priests to submit themselves to episcopal government.

Ancient Rome at Work. By Paul Louis. Kegan Paul. 16s.

TO write an economic history of Rome from the origins to the Empire is a task which demands not only wide reading but sympathetic understanding of the scanty materials which are all that is left to the student. The statistics which form the basis of modern economics are entirely absent, and the soundest contemporary writers whose works have come down to us almost entirely neglected this aspect of history. Obviously the economic changes in the transformation of a small colony of farmer-soldiers into a world-empire must have entailed far-reaching changes, both political and industrial, while the problems of finance caused by the introduction of money, and the changes of circulating medium from iron and brass to silver and then to gold, are deeply interesting. M. Louis divides his study into three sections, the first up to the Punic Wars, the second from thence to the Empire, and the third to the barbarian invasions at the end of the fourth century. No aspect of economic history is overlooked, and though, as is usual in this series, the work of English writers is passed over in silence, and English translations of the foreign works quoted are not mentioned, there is a good bibliography and some useful maps. The translation by Mr. E. B. Wareing is in general quite satisfactory, but he should not have rendered *défendu* by "defended" (p. 173): it shakes confidence.

The Wayland-Dietrich Saga. Vol. VI. By Katherine M. Buck. Mayhew. 21s.

MISS BUCK has now reached, in her gigantic task of homologizing the scattered stories and histories of the fourth and fifth centuries in Western Europe, the culminating point of the career of Maximus in Britain and his passage as Western Emperor to Treves. We have before now remarked on her wide range of reading and sound historical imagination. Her characterization of such historical figures as St. Martin of Tours is excellent, her verse is easy-flowing and regular, and the occasional lyrics often rise to the height of poetry. Interesting as it is to a reader not unfamiliar with the subject-matter, it should be a fascinating introduction to the story of the Dark Ages for younger folk.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

ROBERT EYRES LANDOR: Selections from his Poetry and Prose with an Introduction Biographical and Critical by Eric Partridge. The Fanfrolico Press. Limited Edition. 45s.

A very much needed reprint. Robert's two admirable romances, and his plays, showed powers curiously similar to those of Walter, and not much inferior; but he has been almost wholly neglected.

MEMOIRS OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FOOTMAN: JOHN MACDONALD. TRAVELS (1745-1779). Routledge. 10s. 6d.

A new volume in the 'Broadway Travellers' series. Macdonald saw Sterne die, and was servant to 'Ossian' Macpherson.

SIR JOHN DENHAM. By Bonamy Dobrée. The Cayme Press. Limited Edition. 1s. 6d.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BLAKE. By Max Plowman. Dent. 4s. 6d.

TABLE TALK OF JOHN SELDEN. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock. The Selden Society. 7s. 6d.

SUHAIL. By Coleridge Kennard. Richards Press. 10s. 6d.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN STAIRS. By Arthur Edward Waite. The Theosophical Publishing House. 10s.

AMUSEMENTS SERIOUS AND COMICAL. By Tom Brown. Routledge. 25s.

NOTES UPON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. By Randall Davies. The Cayme Press. 3s. 6d.

PRINCIPLES AND PRECEPTS. By Hastings Rashdall. Selected and Edited by H. D. A. Major and F. L. Cross. Oxford: Blackwell. 6s.

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A QUAKER FROM CROMWELL'S ARMY: JAMES NAYLER. By Mabel Richmond Brailsford. Swarthmore Press. 6s. 6d.

A HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. By Max L. Margolis and Alexander Marx. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. \$4.00.

PHILIPS' HISTORICAL ATLAS. MEDIEVAL AND MODERN. By Ramsay Muir and George Philip. Philip. 15s.

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ENGLISH GOTHIC FOLIAGE SCULPTURE. By Samuel Gardner. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

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THE POEMS, ENGLISH, LATIN AND GREEK, OF RICHARD CRASHAW. Edited by L. C. Martin. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 21s.

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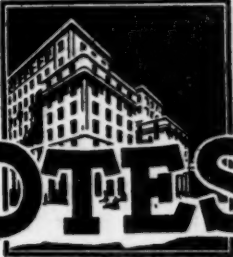
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vided for the pinion and the electric starting motor, which makes it possible to inspect the pinion and give it the necessary attention. In fact, this new nine-horse-power Rover is full of gadgets which help the owner-driver to do odd jobs for himself, so that he need not, if mechanically inclined, pay for this work to be done in the garage.

*
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For this reason a bell housing now completely encloses the flywheel, so that it is waterproof from the outside, but a detachable inspection plate is provided at the top. Also, the flywheel has been made heavier, which adds to the ease in driving and does not make it necessary to double-clutch in changing from a low to a higher gear to make a silent change—which is necessary in most modern cars with light flywheels, unless timed very accurately. The gearbox now runs in engine oil instead of gear oil, and an improved filler at the correct level is placed on the right, instead of the left side, so that the user has only to fill this up until he sees the oil. At the back of the box is a properly enclosed gear drive for the speedometer cable. Another improvement is the enclosed propeller shaft, now fitted and provided with a bearing to steady it in the centre of a long torque tube. Though fabric joints nowadays are very popular, the new Rover employs that sterling unit, a star type universal joint at the front end of the propeller shaft, enclosed within the spherical head of the torque tube itself. An underslung worm gear is still employed for the final drive, but the rear axle casing has been very considerably stiffened. The oil-containing capacity of the back-axle casing has been increased, so that in the matter of lubrication less attention should be required—another point that will appeal to the owner-driver.

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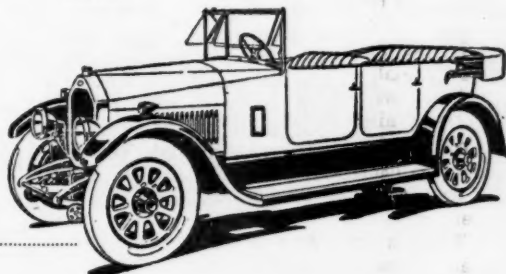
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH the general undertone of markets has been firmer this week, activity is still limited to certain specialities which continue to monopolize speculative attention. Whereas in the past speculative interest was limited to the mining markets and the oil market, and at times the rubber market, to-day the pendulum has swung in the direction of the industrial market, with the result that we are presented with a spectacle of shares in well-known industrial concerns fluctuating in a manner that must make the mining houses very envious. The wild fluctuations in British Celanese shares have ceased, and in their place there has been very steady buying. As I wrote last week, I am still of opinion that British Celanese Preference shares have attractive possibilities. Columbia Graphophone shares have also risen very sharply. This is generally attributed to the excellent results the Company is achieving. I submit, however, that a considerable portion of the buying has emanated from America, and that it is not unconnected with the question of control.

IMPS

In view of the speculative activity in certain industrials with quick appreciation of prices, it is not remarkable that holders of some of the older favourites, which have not been in the limelight of late and therefore have remained inactive, have displayed a tendency to sell their shares and reinvest in some of the more popular counters. A striking example of this is afforded by the Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain and Ireland, the ordinary shares of which have dwindled in price. Holders of Imps would be well advised to exercise patience, and to retain their shares, which are a thoroughly sound industrial investment likely to appreciate in due course.

TINS

Activity in the tin share market continues, and these counters, speculative as they may be, are attracting an increasing amount of public attention. Leading the way are those companies which are known as the Anglo-Oriental Group, controlled by the Anglo-Oriental Trust. The most active counters in this group of late have been London Tins, Associated Tins and Juga. Of these at the moment it would appear probable that Associated Tin is speculatively the most attractive, and a further rise in these shares is expected in the reasonably near future.

SOUTH CROFTY

Apropos of tin shares, attention is again drawn to the shares of the South Crofty Mine, one of the few really sound dividend-paying tin propositions in Cornwall. South Crofty have the advantage of being in the charge of Mr. Josiah Paull, who is considered one of the greatest authorities on tin mining in this country. Shareholders in the South Crofty Company can therefore rest assured that their mine is being developed and worked on the soundest methods. Regular dividends of 3d. a quarter, which were temporarily discontinued owing to the coal stoppage last year, have been restarted,

and those buying South Crofty shares can feel confident that they will receive dividends amounting to at least a 1s. per annum, which at the present market price of about 8s. shows an attractive yield.

CRITTALL

Reference in the past has been made in these notes to Crittall Ordinary shares. The Crittall Company is believed not only to be doing exceptionally well in this country, but to be expanding by the building and equipment of factories in the Colonies. In tropical countries Crittall metal frame windows are found to be a great improvement on the older wooden frames. Those prepared to take a long view should consider the advisability of locking away a few of these Crittall Ordinary shares; should the Company progress, as indicated at present, they are likely to find their investments showing a very substantial appreciation in the course of the next two or three years.

RHODESIA

The Rhodesian market, after lying dormant and neglected for many months, is displaying signs of more activity. At present the movement is of a somewhat professional nature, but it is possible that it will spread. There are no two opinions as to the amazing mineral wealth in Rhodesia. Its development, however, has proved a slow and weary business, and holders of Rhodesian shares have in the past had to exercise considerable patience. The present movement, if it matures, will prove welcome, but investors should walk warily in this market as it has in the past displayed the unsatisfactory tendency of suddenly changing from activity and rising prices to stagnation.

LOBITOS

The oil market found fresh cause for depression in the reduced dividend declaration announced by the Lobitos Company this week. Whereas shareholders have received 50% for the last two years, this year the distribution is being reduced to 35%. While it had been realized that the decrease in the selling price of the commodity must have affected adversely the earnings of the Company, so drastic a cut in dividend had not been expected.

FOREIGN LOANS

We have had of late a glut of foreign issues. The appetite of the investor in this country for this class of offer shows no signs of abatement. During the last twelve months foreign borrowers have found it possible to obtain more generous terms for their loans in New York than in London, with the result that a large portion of this business has been done in America. American investors, however, appear to have taken all the stock of this nature that they require at the moment, with the result that American issuing houses have found themselves badly left with some of the more recent issues. The result is that borrowers now find it wisest to come to the London market. American issuing houses have the advantage that their issues are not subject to a 2% stamp duty, as is the case in London, and this 2% figures largely when London houses are competing with those of America. If only the theorists at the Treasury would come into the City and learn a little practical finance they would realize how much evil this tax does.

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2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

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IF ONE WITH LAVISH HAND WHOLE THOUSANDS SCATTERS?

1. From earthen pot your relatives detach.
2. Behead him, for his crimes 'twere hard to match,
3. And then curtail a common kind of fruit.
4. This lion was a most outrageous brute.
5. Of very certain, or uncertain, length.
6. Imperviousness it should possess, and strength.
7. Clip at both ends that which affords us light.
8. Has been the death of many a Southern wight.
9. Is indispensable, beyond all doubt.
10. Friends, we're in prison: you must get us out!
11. Of myrrh and aloes he a mixture brought.
12. Manoa's offspring in her toils she caught.

Solution of Acrostic No. 274

B eatifi C
L arc H
A pter A
C he F
K a Ftan
ineB r lety
I chneumo N
D uni C*
ap Hne

*See 'The Bells,' by Edgar Allan Poe.

ACROSTIC No. 274.—The winner is Mr. E. R. Nicholas, 12 Hillside, Wimbledon, Surrey, who has selected as his prize 'Carlyle at his Zenith, 1848-1853,' by David Alec Wilson, published by Kegan Paul and reviewed in our columns on June 18 under the title 'Shorter Notices.' Two other competitors chose this book, thirty-three named 'Open House,' fifteen 'The Flower Show,' thirteen 'Two Vagabonds in Albania,' ten 'Allan and the Ice-Gods,' nine 'The Book of the Sea,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. H. M., Armadale, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, C. H. Burton, Mrs. J. Butler, Miss Carter, Chailey, J. Chambers, S. D. Charles, Rev. H. F. B. Compston, Dhualt, D. L., Dona, I. Dyson, Gay, Anthony George, Mrs. Gosset, Mrs. Hamilton, Iago, I. B., Jerboa, Jop, Miss Kelly, Kirkton, Lilian, Mrs. A. Lole, Madge, Margaret, Met, G. W. Miller, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Quis, Rand, Mrs. J. M. Richey, Helen Rutherford, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Mrs. Gordon Touche, Trike, R. H. S. Truell, Mrs. Twentyman, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Barberry, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Ruth Carrick, Ceyx, Chip, Dolmar, Sir Reginald Egerton, E. K. P., G. M. Fowler, Jeff, John Lennie, A. M. W. Maxwell, Miss J. F. Maxwell, H. de R. Morgan, Oakapple, F. M. Petty, R. Ransom, R. C. B., Rho Kappa, Mrs. L. Rothera, Shorwell, Stucco, W. R. Wolseley, Yewden, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Hanworth, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Maud Crowther, Farsdon, Glamis, Polamar, M. Skene, Twyford. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 273.—TWO LIGHTS WRONG: A. de V. Blathwayt, Miss Carter, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, George M. Fowler, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Iago, Lilian, Mrs. A. Lole, Madge, M. I. R., Lady Mottram, F. M. Petty, R. Ransom, Rho Kappa, Stucco, Twyford, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden. All others more.

DOLMAR.—Unfortunately it failed to reach us. Must have been lost in the post.

CEYX, G. M. FOWLER, YENDU.—Acknowledged June 18.

JOP.—Your postcard arrived too late, or would gladly have made the alteration.

A. DE V. BLATHWAYT.—Your first Light reads Mischief, and your third Department.

ACROSTIC No. 272.—Correct: Anthony George, Nosredla. One Light wrong: M. Cornwall, Jeff.

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